GLASTONBURY

THE FIRST 25 YEARS

A CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL TWO POUNDS

“...it's more powerful than God...”

Edge Magazine

PlayStation™

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Contents

There is an undeniable 'Glastonbury spirit' which takes hold for these three (or so) days in June. On these pages, Michael Eavis, Billy Bragg, Attila The Stockbroker, Mike Scott, Peter Gabriel and many others give their views on what that spirit is. But it is encapsulated in this letter, received at Worthy Farm after last year's festival.
There really is nowhere quite like Glastonbury. . .

"My bus burnt down at 4am on Sunday morning last year. I'd lost everything, apart from the towel around my waist.
But my spirit was lifted a few days later when I was given about £475 which had been collected by generous souls among the litter crew, the travellers and the Green Fields.
I can never hope to ever know or thank these strangers in person. So I'd like to say a big thank you through these pages. At a time when I hit rock bottom, their touch of kindness did more for my healing than anything else."
D. Currer, Kent

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25 Years, 3 weeks and 2 days in the life of:
Editor Campbell Stevenson **Art Director** Jason Ewing **Production** Dave Bell, Richard Jones, Jason Ewing **Research/Text** Stephen Dalton, Mike Gartside, Steve Henwood, Pat Wilson, Bill and Dee Harkin, Jeremy Sandford, Stephen Abrahall, Ralph Oswick, Steve Symons, Anne Waterhouse, Arabella Churchill, Simon Roiser, Jackie Boyd.

We have made strenuous efforts to contact and credit all photographers but, inevitably, there will have been some omissions: Sorry folks! Main Cover Picture Glastonbury Pyramid 1971 by Paul Misso. Contents page pic: Kevin Bolton

The photographs by Ron Reid (Page 11) and Liam Bailey (Page 33) are taken from the book "Glastonbury -The Festival" , published by Albedo Press (Tel: 0171 708 5504) available now in most good bookshops (ISBN 0-9525886-0-9). They have been reproduced by kind permission of the publishers.

1970

Born to boogie

August 1970: the hippie dream hits the rocks at the third Isle of Wight festival. Eighteen days later, Jimi Hendrix dies; a day after that, the gate opens on the first Pilton Pop festival.

Michael Eavis, a young dairy farmer, had hedge-hopped into the Bath Blues Festival with his girlfriend Jean in the summer of 1970 to see what all the noise was about. The bands included Led Zeppelin, Jefferson Airplane, Pink Floyd and Santana, and, Michael remembers: "walking down through crowds of young people who looked as though they belonged to another race."

"I'd never seen people looking like that. We saw The Moody Blues and Donovan and I knew I had to get involved. It was like being on the road to Damascus, I can picture it now, 25 years later. The next morning, I was on the telephone. I knew nothing about the music business, but found an agent and got a contact for The Kinks.

"The Melody Maker had printed: 'Kinks For Mini Festival'. 'Lola was out and The Kinks were more mega than mini, so they didn't like that and sent a doctor's certificate to say they weren't well enough to play. I was stunned, but got Marc Bolan's T-Rex instead, which, at the time, was a lot trendier, but it was too late to advertise the change."

"I got Marc Bolan's T.Rex to come instead when The Kinks cancelled. He played what I swear is the best set I've seen till this day at Worthy Farm."

"The festival was held in September because we had to get the hay in and the idea was to be a bit like a Harvest Festival. There was an ox roast, which wasn't on in 1971, when the free food kitchen served up rice and lentils and some hot dog sellers were asked to leave the site."

A rumour went around that 15,000 fans were on their way from London after news of the festival was put out over the PA at a free concert in Hyde Park. British Rail rang Michael and asked him how many special trains they should lay on. Michael felt the 32-acre site would be big enough for everybody, but expected to run out of Worthy Farm milk, which he was going to give away.

In the end about 1,500 people turned up and paid £1 a head, which didn't go far towards paying off Michael's £5,000 mortgage.

"In the days leading up to the show, I told my eldest daughter, Juliet, I was thinking of crying off because I was so nervous, but she was really tough on that one. 'Daddy, you can't do that, you'll look such a fool,' she said. So, it was go bankrupt or be a fool, to a nine-year-old.

"I did the whole thing on a romantic hunch after being swept up in the heavenly experience at the Bath And West Festival. But it was a dream we couldn't turn into reality. We got there in the end, but it took a bit longer."

Michael thought he had solved one of his problems when the phone rang: "This ordinary-sounding bloke offered to provide security. He turned out to be the leader of a gang of Hell's Angels. God, they looked ugly and they confirmed my fears by burning an old hay wagon. I thought he'd be OK because he had a Somerset accent."

Despite everything, Michael managed to retain his optimism. "It was a lovely September day and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves. On the makeshift scaffolding stage was a band led by Alan Bown who had just signed a new young

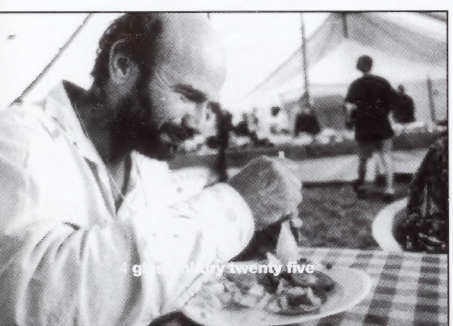


PHOTO: JILL FURMANOVSKY

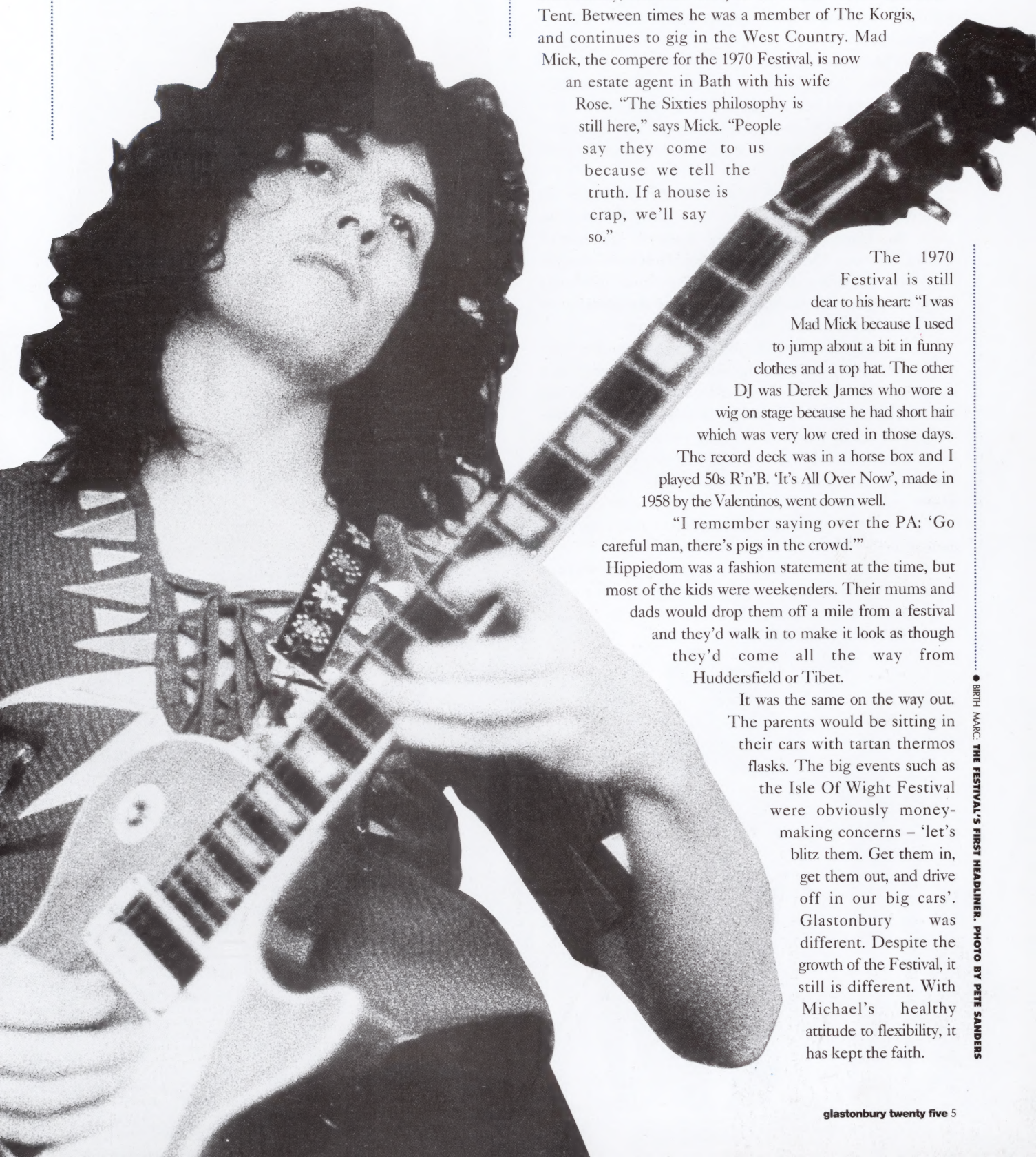
Text: Simon Roiser who was at the 1970 Festival. He's been to every one since and is now the Festival press officer

singer, Robert Palmer. John Anthony, the saxophonist, went on to success with Supertramp. None of the bands had any idea that they were in at the beginning of an event which was to become the biggest of its kind in the world. Bristol bluesman Keith Christmas turned up because he'd heard: "They're having a bit of a get-together in a field. Another grotty little gig under a bit of tarpaulin flapping in the breeze."

Andy Davis, guitarist with another local band, Stackridge, was told he played the first and last notes of the festival. Originally called Stackridge Lemon, they played: "an eclectic, pretentious mix of all sorts of acidy things, including a little-known track called Flying Saucers Over Yatton (Yatton is a village between Bristol and Weston-super-Mare).

"Glastonbury was just a gig in a field," says Andy. "We played over 300 gigs in a year for three years and supported just about everyone. We played in a lot of fields that year – all you needed was a generator. About 11 of us turned up in a transit including Cran (bass), Billy Sparkle (drums), Steve Jocelyn (mascot) and a Danish girl called Eva."

In those days, every band had to have a long-haired woman, preferably continental, in attendance, and a flautist. Stackridge had Mutter Slater. Or was it Nutter. Andy, incidentally, returned last year for a show in the Acoustic Tent. Between times he was a member of The Korgis, and continues to gig in the West Country. Mad Mick, the compere for the 1970 Festival, is now an estate agent in Bath with his wife Rose. "The Sixties philosophy is still here," says Mick. "People say they come to us because we tell the truth. If a house is crap, we'll say so."



The 1970 Festival is still dear to his heart: "I was Mad Mick because I used to jump about a bit in funny clothes and a top hat. The other DJ was Derek James who wore a wig on stage because he had short hair which was very low cred in those days. The record deck was in a horse box and I played 50s R'n'B. 'It's All Over Now', made in 1958 by the Valentinos, went down well.

"I remember saying over the PA: 'Go careful man, there's pigs in the crowd.'"

Hippiedom was a fashion statement at the time, but most of the kids were weekenders. Their mums and dads would drop them off a mile from a festival and they'd walk in to make it look as though they'd come all the way from Huddersfield or Tibet.

It was the same on the way out. The parents would be sitting in their cars with tartan thermos flasks. The big events such as the Isle Of Wight Festival were obviously money-making concerns – 'let's blitz them. Get them in, get them out, and drive off in our big cars'. Glastonbury was different. Despite the growth of the Festival, it still is different. With Michael's healthy attitude to flexibility, it has kept the faith.

● BIRTH MARC: **THE FESTIVAL'S FIRST HEADLINER. PHOTO BY PETE SANDERS**

1970

Al Stewart

The scene: On stage, at about mid-afternoon at the The Pilton Pop, Folk and Blues Festival on the 19th of September, 1970.

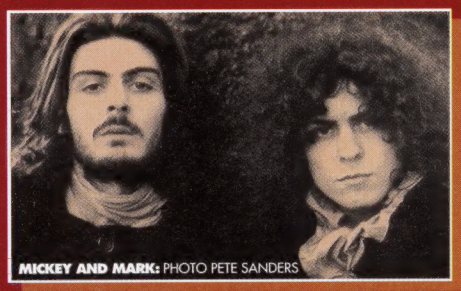
Clutching the tambourine, second from right, is Al Stewart, who, spurred by his unscheduled appearance here, went on to sell a couple of million records. He's back for the 1995 Festival, headlining the Acoustic Tent. Ian Anderson, now editor of Folk Roots, runs through the full stellar line-up:

"From left, Pat Roche, Jerry Gilbert (folk writer for Sounds) Andrew Means (ditto for Melody Maker). On guitar, Ian Hunt, behind him Tim Hodgson, manager of the Troubadour Club in Bristol; Ian Anderson, Maggie Holland, behind her 'Mary' , Keith Christmas, Al Stewart and, far right, Ian Turner ('The heavy drummer') on bongos – "Don't ask why we called him that."

Ian Anderson: "Al had played the Troubadour the night before. We all just piled into a few cars and decided to set off down there. Ian was playing, but we decided to inject some Woodstock spirit into the sparse crowd, most of whom seem to be on the stage, so we were playing Country Joe's 'Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag' when this shot was taken. No, there was no hassle about passes or parking, we just drove on to the site. Not like today. Reform for the day? No, I don't think so somehow..."

Al Stewart: "We'd all come together – the Bristol folk mafia and others – and Ian got us all up on stage in what was either his set or maybe Keith Christmas's – I can't quite remember.

The only other band I remember seeing was Quintessence... yes, you could say they were very much of their time. But of course, that was also the day Jimi Hendrix died. I remember they announced it over the speakers and everyone went very quiet. It did cast rather a pall over the proceedings. Jimmy Page is on this year, is he? I did three albums with him. In fact, I think I taught him how to play Black Mountainside."



MICKEY AND MARK: PHOTO PETE SANDERS

Michael Eavis secured the services of Marc Bolan and T.Rex after The Kinks pulled out. Bolan had only just recorded 'Ride A White Swan': it would not be released for another month, after which his UK tour would start and mega-stardom would follow.

But that was all to come. Still,he could act like a star before he was one. Michael Eavis: "I met Marc Bolan half way down Muddy Lane. He didn't look too pleased going down the bumpy track in his big American car. He wound down the window and said: 'Which way's the stage man?' The car was covered in some sort of suede material and I put out my hand to stroke it. Marc jumped out: 'Don't touch my car man!' So, it wasn't too good a start, but he went on to play what I swear till this day was the best set I've ever seen at Worthy Farm. I owed him £500, which I didn't have, but he was very good about it and I paid off £100 a month from the milk cheque."

There are no tapes of Bolan's set (please send one if you have it!) but Mark Paytress and Martin Borden, who wrote the sleeve notes to a series of Bolan re-issues on Demon last year, have tried to reconstruct the scene for us. Both agree he would have been playing with Mickey Finn, and that the set would have been part-electric and partly the acoustic Tyrannosaurus Rex of old. (The name change had only just been suggested by record producer Tony Visconti). "No doubt he wielded his Stratocaster with pride," deduces Sherlock Borden, while Dr Paytress concurs that the 1,500 at the festival would have been treated to one of the first live outings for 'Ride A White Swan'. But we do know what happened after the set. Mad Mick, the show compere:

"I climbed up Glastonbury Tor with Marc at midnight. There were no paths anywhere, just a lot of cow pats. My shoes came off in the mud, but when we got to the top, I can't explain it, it was as if someone had hit me. Marc turned to me and said: 'Wow! It's really dark up here man.'" Thus are legends born.

● JAMMIN': AL STEWART AND CO. IN 1970. PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE GEDRYCH

"... But now they're content to wear stars on their brow."
Marc Bolan 1947-1977
TO: PETE SANDERS

1971

Sunchildren

Michael Eavis had no plans for a 1971 Festival, but Andrew Kerr wanted to hold a happening in Somerset. Arabella Churchill was among the hippy crew at Worthy Farm.

Although I wasn't there for the 1970 Festival, I did go to the the big Pink Floyd festival nearby at the Bath And West Showground. In 1970, I was a very young 20-year-old. I knew Andrew Kerr well because he had worked for my father since I was quite young.

Andrew said he spent all night on the Tor and in the morning saw a rainbow touching Worthy Farm and that is what made him sure that the 1971 Festival should be held there. Perhaps it's more likely that he'd heard about this lovely farmer who had held his own festival in 1970 and whose farm house and land it might be possible to rent.

Anyway, in the Autumn of 1970, Andrew moved in with Jytte, Thomas, Mark and some others at Worthy Farm. I used to visit at weekends and eventually moved in around the end of the year. I lived in what is now the downstairs bathroom – I painted parts of it bright red and it took poor Jean years to paint over it successfully.

● LINDA LEWIS: A REGULAR VISITOR TO WORTHY FARM

"Michael and Jean used to come in twice a day to milk the cows. I think he thought we were all rather peculiar and frightening."

Michael and Jean used to come in to the farm twice a day to milk the cows. I think that Michael thought we were all rather peculiar and frightening. I remember once he came running in from the dairy where he played pop music to the cows during the milking (as he still does) shouting: "Stuart Henry has just dedicated a record to you on the radio and he thinks you're all wonderful."

The media were showing an interest in my 'dropping out' and being involved in the Festival – big men with big tape recorders kept leaping out of bushes towards me during the Festival and one photographer took a picture of me at a stall when I was holding up two fingers to show that I wanted to buy two boxes of matches.

Needless to say it appeared on the front page of The News Of The World with words to suggest I was

● ARTHUR BROWN ON STAGE 1971

making a Churchillian V sign or a piss off sign. It made me a bit paranoid.

The farm house was always full of visitors in the run-up to the Festival. Michael says: "It became a house of cordiality where anyone not allergic to joss sticks might take tea and heresy."

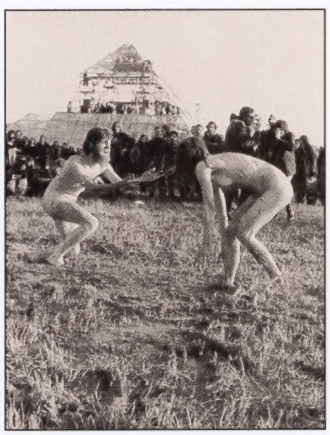
There was a strange guru character called Zee with his girlfriend Haile; and a lovely girl called Toad who was in the musical Hair, who came with Linda Lewis and who became a great friend. There was John Massara and the beautiful Kikan and many, many more.

When Melanie dropped in, I didn't have the faintest idea who she was. Hawkwind and The Pink Fairies used to come down at weekends to practise in the barn – they used to scare me rigid before I got to know them better. Mick Farren and his radical magazine cohorts also used to drop in. People were really drawn to the farm – the festival, even though it hadn't taken place yet, had a real mystique about it and everyone just wanted to be involved with it.

"The sound quality was really bad, everyone thought the Maharahji was saying 'no sex,' but I think it was 'no sects.'"

Jytte and I used to take turns doing the cooking – huge vegetarian meals, seldom for less than 20. Soon people moved into the fields to help get the site ready, including an amazing guy who dug a huge maze in a very boggy corner of the farm. I used to collect everyone's clothes and take them to the launderette in Shepton each week – machineload upon machine load of cheesecloth, flares and kaftans.

The Festival had a really magic feel to it. I didn't actually get to see much of it, but I can remember swapping my jeans for my best kaftan and dancing on the stage to Fairport Convention. I saw the 1971 film recently, and there I was looking lovely – more than half my lifetime away. David Puttnam and Nick Roeg made the film – I remember being interviewed for it, but I was so desperate not to say anything that might upset my family that it was the most boring interview ever and so it wasn't used. However, both the Somerset Fire Officers and I get special credits at the end of the film. I'm not quite sure why.



The best thing about the Festival was that it was all free and that really gave it a very special feeling. Sid Rawle, later to become King Of The Hippies, ran the Festival free food kitchen which was funded by Jean Shrimpton – the face of the Sixties.

I paid for most of the living costs at the Farmhouse and most of the Pyramid Stage. The huge pyramid looked pretty hideous during the day because it was made of expanded metal. And the stage was proportionately too high. I remember walking up the hill the night before the Festival with Bill Harkin who had designed the Pyramid. He made me turn round and look back

● HIPPY DAZE. PHOTOGRAPH BY RON REID

down the valley – the film crew had just turned on their huge lights and The Pyramid looked like a wonderful shining diamond – magic.

The boy Guru Maharahji spoke from the stage – the sound quality was really bad – everyone thought he was saying 'no sex', but actually, I think it was 'no sects'. My last memory of the 1971 Festival is Michael Eavis desperately chasing another Michael from the film crew around the stage determined to get the music turned off at midnight – there were problems with Mendip District Council even then.

Throughout the Seventies, I would get phone calls from Michael most Junes: "Bella, I'm not actually having a festival but lots of people seem to be arriving – come and give us a hand." Some very nice, small, unstructured events took place.

• FAMILY MAN: **ROGER CHAPMAN IN 1971**

In 1979 we went for another festival in aid of the Year Of the Child. Peter Gabriel played, I set up the children's area and the theatre area where Footsbarn performed King Arthur. Too many of us were involved in management – me, John Coleman, Steve Hillage and Miquette, Bill Harkin, Tim Davies and many, many more. It was a lovely festival, but we spent too much and charged too little – never trust committees – and we lost a lot of money.

In 1981 Michael gathered the reins together as the amiable and beneficial autocrat he is and ever since the Festival has always made money – large sums have regularly been given to CND, Greenpeace and Oxfam, which is great.

A lot of my life has been and is still tied up in the Festival. The children's area resulted in my running a

charity called Children's World which takes drama, puppetry and creative play around Somerset and Avon schools and special schools and provides integration opportunities for 'able' and 'special needs' children to work and play together.

I met my second husband, Haggis, at the Festival and he and I and Michael and Jean got married together in 1988. Our daughter Jessica's christening party was held at Worthy Farm.

I'm still running the Theatre Area and five years ago we created the Circus Area. Last year we had more than 1,000 shows over the weekend in the Theatre and Circus fields. It's all been fun, hard work and difficult at times, but it feels right and I love it.

It's different from other festivals. It's not run for profit, it helps important causes. It's a bunch of people trying really hard to make something as nice as possible. It's a good feeling. Michael and I have this fantasy of still doing the Festival in our dotage – limping across the fields on our sticks. Who knows? I hope so.

● SUMMER OF LOVE: **ECHOES OF WOODSTOCK ON THE FARM.** PHOTOGRAPH BY RON REID

● **FOOLS ON THE HILL:** PHOTOGRAPH BY RON REID.

● **THE ONLY KNOWN PICTURE OF DAVID BOWIE AT WORTHY FARM 1971**

It was cold and damp and we had been up and at it for most of the night. There were a few hundred of us – exhausted, dirty, smelly people crashed out in the mud in plastic bags, makeshift bivouacs and a few tents.

From the deep recess of drugged-out sleep we stirred, because something rather wonderful urged us awake. A few tousled heads emerged and through gritty eyes we perceived a pale figure on the Pyramid Stage. His voice drifted across the meadow smoothly, persuasively, tuned to the mood of the moment...

"The sun machine is coming down and we're gonna have a party..."

At that instant the sun obliged and eager as we were in those days to embrace almost any magic, we cheered and said "wow", "far out" and "groovy" – and another David Bowie legend was born. Even back in 1971 he was a great showman and the performance that lives on in our memories was Bowie's way of turning calamity into triumph.

As he sang I woke up and wondered why he was on so early. It seemed like an artist with a worldwide hit to his credit should be in a star slot, rather than turning the full blast of his charisma onto a bunch of sleepy heads at the crack of dawn. The blues singer Dana Gillespie remembers it well. Angie Bowie persuaded her to go with them to Glastonbury.

"We set off in high spirits," she recalls, "then we discovered the train didn't go to Glastonbury, there were no taxis and we had to walk for miles. When we finally got to the Festival site there was chaos. David was billed for Saturday night, but the programme over-ran so he couldn't play."

Dana describes their buoyant mood as "flopping like an unrisen souffle" as they hung about waiting for David to play. "Eventually we decided to stay up all night, so by the time David went on stage we'd been awake for 24 hours."

After a couple of numbers the mood changed again. "David made everyone feel happy," says Dana. "He was rather camp," recalls DJ Jeff Dexter, "wearing a cream suit which was a bit of a contrast to the rest of us, but he had a creative edge that really worked — just standing there solo with an acoustic guitar."

Solo with an acoustic guitar was David at his best. That's how it was at the Beckenham Arts Lab and then at home after the show, jamming with friends and soaring into a song, riff and rhythm that had just occurred to him. Mary Finnegan

1971

The legendary free Festival of pe

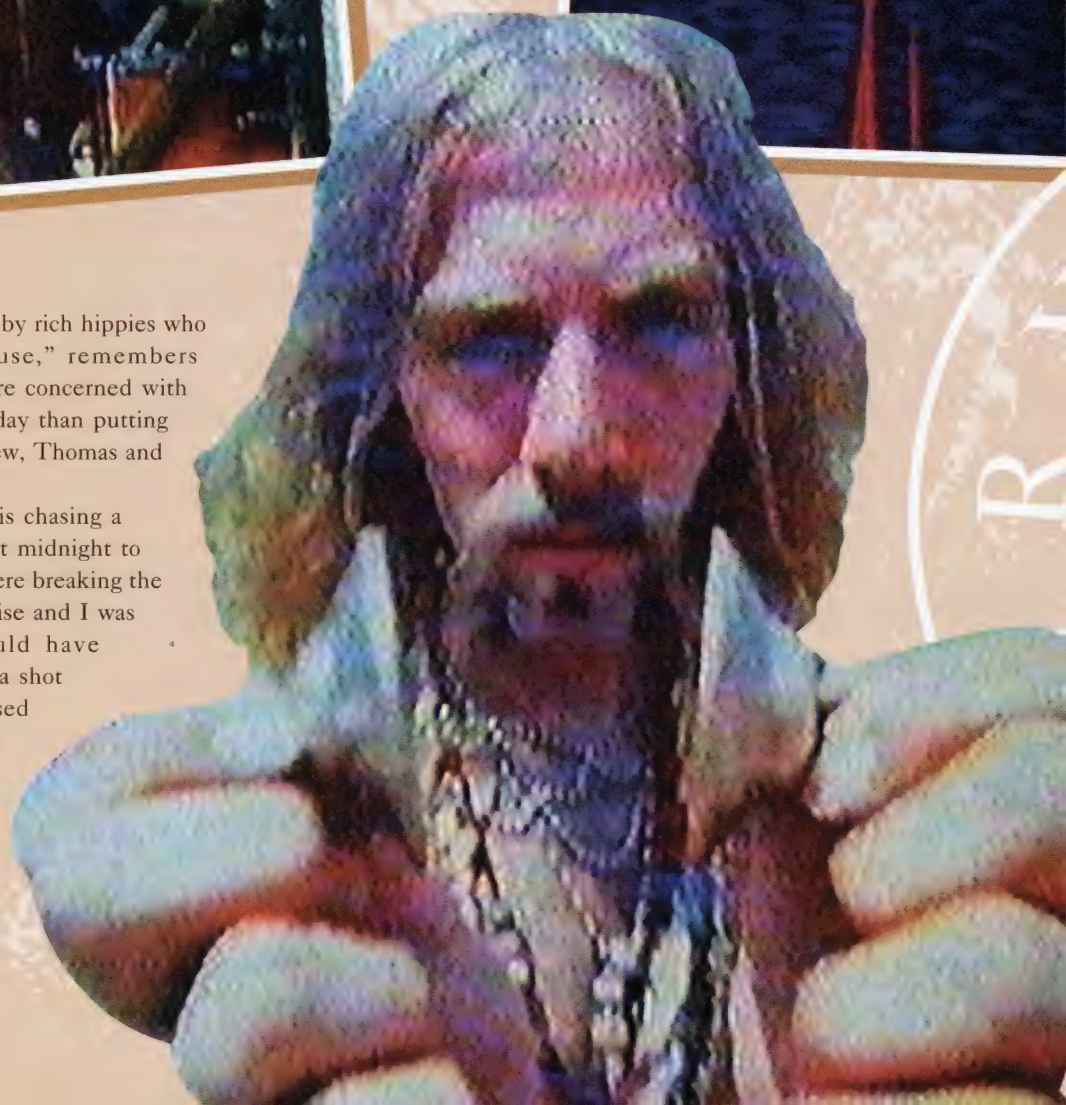
All pictures from 'Glastonbu

Yes, there was a great deal of nakedness evident both on stage and off. But, as a vicar interviewed in the film stated, it all seemed very natural. This was the festival which proved the music was only a small part of the whole event. The vibe was all, and that mood still prevails today – it's just more together and it doesn't lose vast amounts of money.

The pictures on these pages were taken from a video of 'Glastonbury Fayre'. Nick Veitch, editor of Amiga Format, used an Amiga computer and image processing software including VLab, ImageFX, ADPro and Photogenics to capture the shots.

e and love which inspired a generation

ayre' the film of the Festival made by David Puttnam and Nick Roeg



The 1971 show was paid for by rich hippies who rented half the farmhouse," remembers Michael Eavis. "I was more concerned with milking the cows twice a day than putting on a festival, but with Arabella, Andrew, Thomas and Bill, I felt it couldn't go wrong.

"My last memory of the festival is chasing a bloke called Mick around the stage at midnight to get the music turned off. I felt they were breaking the promise to the village with all the noise and I was well steamed up. I think I would have murdered him, but he went off like a shot into the top of The Pyramid, disguised himself in a wig and walked straight past me.

"When the film came out, I was reading the poster outside a cinema in Bristol. This man in a mac crept up and said: "You want the one in Screen Two mate, that one's no good – hardly any sex in it."

The Pyramid

Peak*dreams*

Bill Harkin had a vision of beams of light forming a pyramid. Later in 1971 he visited Worthy Farm and realised that this was the place where he was destined to build it. . .

The original Glastonbury Pyramid stage in 1971 was designed by Bill Harkin. How it came about is an extraordinary tale, almost of mystical origin.

In 1970 Bill was on his way to North Wales to climb when he was asked to move a friend's belongings. After completing that task, Bill and his friend tried, without success, to find somewhere on the south coast to climb and camp. Bill was sitting, looking at the stars over the sea, when he experienced an intense feeling of light, prompting him to set off on a journey, pursuing the feeling. Driving at will, they eventually saw a sign 'Glastonbury 7 miles' which they followed.

They drove to the Tor arrived late at night and brewed tea on the Primus stove. Descending from the Tor were weird and wonderful people in capes, hats and fluttering scarves (Tony Andrews, Silver, Andrew Kerr, Thomas Crimble and others). Bill gave them tea, honey and oatcakes. They were on their way to Worthy Farm hoping to arrange a free festival. Because Michael Eavis had done a folk festival the previous year they hoped he might let them do theirs at Worthy. Phone numbers were exchanged, then Bill sat on top of the Tor until dawn before returning to London.

"Descending from the Tor were weird and wonderful people in capes, hats and fluttering scarves."

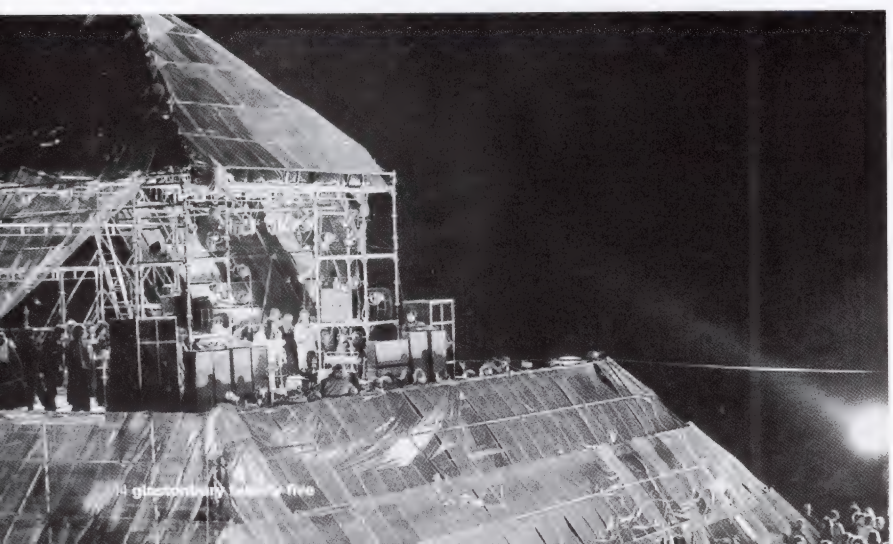
The following Wednesday, whilst driving, he experienced an image of Andrew Kerr's face superimposed on the red phone box ahead of him. He stopped and telephoned Andrew at Chiswick. He told Bill: 'We have the farm and we're moving to Worthy to do the festival.' Bill offered to move their possessions to Worthy the next weekend. On the Thursday night Bill had a dream. He was in the habit of noting his dreams, thus he awoke and scribbled a sketch of a stage with two beams of light forming a pyramid, with some buildings on the horizon. The next morning he considered his dream notes and sketch, took the morning off work and made a small cardboard model of the Pyramid stage. (This was later copied for the sleeve of the Revelation record triple-album Glastonbury Fayre set, which raised funds for the loss-making 1971 event.)

Bill set off for Glastonbury. Arriving at Pilton, he didn't know where Worthy Farm was. He headed for the Tor where he could hear music and singing but was unable to find the source. Here, with his friend, he passed a very uncomfortable night in the truck cab.

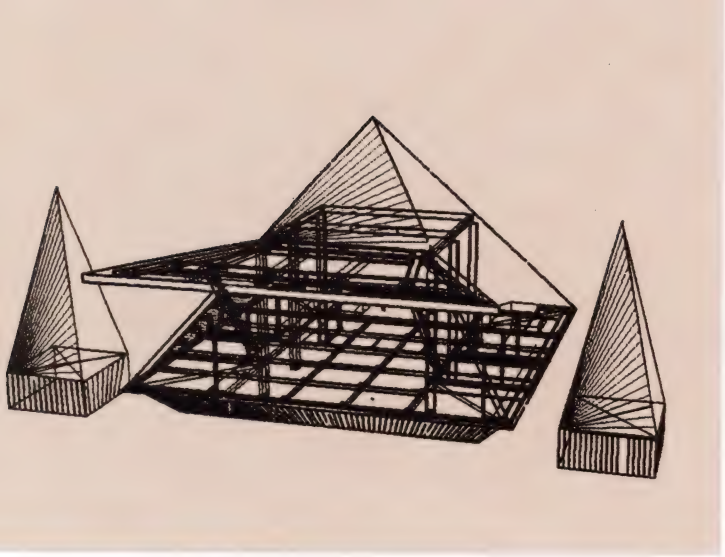
Next morning they found Worthy Farm. As they drove down the drive they were chased by a neighbour whose gatepost they had knocked down in the night.

The position of the stage had been doused by Andrew Kerr and others. On seeing the spot, Bill realised the landscape was that of his dreams, including the farm buildings on the horizon. With people gathered around the farm kitchen table, including Arabella Churchill, he got out his pyramid model and sketch. No one saw the point of the stage being a pyramid. So, they decided to call John Michel, who had written a book on the geometry of Stonehenge and the pyramids.

John advised Bill to base his numbers and calculations on the dimensions within



PHOTOGRAPH: RON REID



● ON THE DRAWING BOARD: BILL HARKIN'S PLAN FOR THE NEW PYRAMID

Stonehenge. The three-dimensional calculations resulted in a 1:100 scale version of the Great Pyramid. With this as inspiration they went ahead.

Bill suggested Kwikform scaffolding as a method of construction. (This was the first time Kwikform was used for a stage, and it has since become an industry standard.) So the first Pyramid stage took shape, clad in polythene and galvanised expanded metal, reflecting light in a breathtaking manner, particularly as the pyramid was beautifully lit for Nick Roeg, filming Glastonbury Fayre. The sight of the first Pyramid stage left a lasting impression on many of those who saw it.

In 1979, working with Michael, Arabella and the many others who were planning the whole event again, Bill installed the stage and inflatable roof, loaned by Freddie Banister, that Bill had originally designed for Wings in Venice and used for Abba in Australia, Genesis and Led Zeppelin at Knebworth .

In 1981 Michael Eavis asked Bill to design a new, permanent pyramid stage using green timber and telegraph poles, which he did, but Bill was concerned about the materials, and distanced himself from the project.

Since then, Bill has been applying his unique approach to the world of temporary stage and environment design. Many of his ideas have been incorporated in other designers' stages. The Orbit stage, dotted around the Glastonbury site each year, was originally designed by Bill in the Seventies and was used as the main stage in 1994 when the Pyramid burnt down.

Bill is uniquely qualified to design a new Glastonbury Pyramid – and he is doing exactly that. Incorporating all that has been learned since 1971, the new Pyramid, shown here, will be an efficient and inspiring performing space. Its finish has been designed to reflect the surrounding beauty. In its proportions and orientation, as in 1971, there will be a strength of presence.

If Bill Harkin's new Pyramid design is built, a new centrepiece will sit in this most unique of sites, to bring beauty to the eyes of those who will look upon its reflection of the sky and valley around it, and the energy of the performance within it. And who knows, it may even be touched with a little magic, by the person who originally dreamt of it being there for so many to enjoy, all those years ago.

● SHINE ON: YOU CRAZY NEW PYRAMID

Worthy charmer

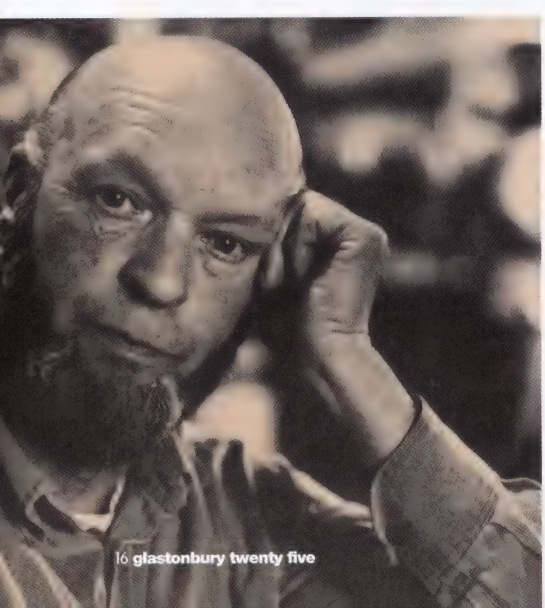
He was a ship's officer, now he runs the biggest music festival in Europe. But what makes Michael Eavis tick? ***Jeremy Sandford*** *finds out.*

It wasn't always thus. In his twenties smartly uniformed Michael Eavis, ship's officer cadet on the Union Castle Line would go up to stand on the bow at dawn, intoxicated with the surge of the green, grey or blue water below him as the elegant liner cut through the ocean.

But his father, unexpectedly young, was dying. Tradition required that Michael, the eldest son, return home to take over Worthy Farm in the Vale of Avalon, with its herd of milking cows. It was the first of a series of unexpected events which was to change his life.

Union Castle, devastated to be losing one of the most charismatic members of its team, offered him a place on a brand new ship as an incentive to stay and Michael found that hard to refuse – "There's nothing so romantic as a maiden voyage" – but the die was cast.

The farm was deeply in debt and then he was called up for National Service. How was he to keep it all going? It was suggested that he do his military service working at the New Rock Colliery at Chilcompton. In the morning and at night he milked the herd and in between he zoomed off on his motorbike to the colliery. During this time he also had three children – Julie, Becky and Jane – with his first wife, Ruth: all this experience of doing more than one thing at a time was to be of great value to him.



© AT HOME, 1994 PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL FURMANOVSKY

It is Wednesday morning at Worthy Farm, an hour before dawn. Cars, lorries, horses, carts, people are passing in an endless stream. Many must have been travelling all night. Michael finishes his tea and goes out to begin milking his 200 Friesians. Mario, the head cowman, has already been there a few minutes. Many farmers these days milk to music such as 'In A Monastery Garden' whose relaxing sounds, it is said, encourage cows to give their milk freely. Michael's milking provides time for research into bands, so tapes echo through the powerful speakers in the milking parlour and the cows give generously to the strains of Primal Scream, Massive Attack or Techno Dub.

"A month after the event, he's back milking cows in his battered corduroys."

It's not the only farming process that Michael turns to good use in his double life as dairy farmer and entrepreneur of the biggest music festival in Europe. His skill in spotting and booking bands was acquired, he says, when negotiating for livestock in Taunton cattle-market.

The Worthy Farm herd – each cow is worth more than £1,000 – has been moved into winter quarters and Michael realises he's in urgent need of brewers grain, their favourite food. He phones through an order. The firm's rep says that with tailbacks of hundreds of yards at all entrances it is not going to be the easiest time to deliver brewers grain, excuse me, has Michael gone balmy?

Michael apologises, explaining that most people these days realise that he always goes balmy at festival time.

Later he notices the yellow cattle feed truck making its entrance surrounded by an escort of white police cars. A helicopter is hovering overhead. The cows moo appreciatively as they get a whiff of the fodder. Michael strolls over to help with the unloading. The lorry driver asks 'Any chance of a festival T-shirt for my daughter?'.

Michael hears the rasp of a chainsaw. It is the camping accessory he fears the most. He rushes to confront the owner. "We can't allow chainsaws cutting down our

● MICHAEL & JEAN PHOTOGRAPH: JILL FURMANOVSKY

trees. Pick it up after the show." The camper politely hands it over. It's 7.30. On a hillside beyond Worthy Farm stands a forty foot high white cross which, as darkness falls, is lit with powerful spotlights. The electricity is said to cost £20 a week. Why? Michael chuckles: 'I think one of my neighbours is trying to communicate something.'

The living room and kitchen at Worthy Farm give little clue that anything unusual ever takes place. There are pictures of Michael's grandfather and great grandfather, his and Jean's eight children, holiday photographs, farming trophies; not a hint that his festival now has a turnover of over four million pounds and that most years his cheque to charity (WaterAid, Oxfam, Greenpeace) comes to more than £300,000.

Like most parents, Michael regrets his children cannot always return home for Christmas; but they certainly turn up for the festival. In addition to his eldest three he has had Patrick and Emily with Jean, who brought with her Alison, Sandra and Juliet from a previous marriage. They all live locally, except Patrick who is close by in Bath and Juliet, who is in Canada.

How is it that this Wells Cathedral School student was not content with his country life, producing annually a million litres of milk, turning out top price cows, enjoying his wife and children?

It was the Bath Blues Festival 25 years ago which began the process. "I was really impressed. In a funny way the whole scene fitted into my Methodist upbringing, the genre of peace and social justice. The early Methodists were non-conformists and anti-establishment and very practically involved in the improvement of life for the less privileged and I suppose I took on this role, I decided to have a festival at Worthy.

"I think the singing of all those hymns when young inspired in me a deep love of music. Those hymns can be fairly loud and

● HE WHO DARES, WINS. PHOTOGRAPH: ANN COOK

"I've enjoyed all the struggles, the legal wrangles – it's been a bit of a challenge, like mountaineering."

continued from page 17

boisterous. And there's the thing of all getting together to sing them. Recently I went with Emily to Wells Cathedral; the organ was going full pelt and feelings were stirred up in me similar to those I experience when 50,000 watts of rock music is coming out of one of our bands."

In his simultaneous dealings with the festival and the farm, Michael shows a deal of unflappability. It is this, allied with shrewd judgment of people, doggedness, a sense of humour and a lack of ostentation, that accounts for his success. Above all, it is because he is not doing it for himself. A month after the event, there is Michael milking cows in his battered corduroys, breakfasting on muesli, having a high tea of bangers and tinned tomatoes. But the route to such a smooth-running event has not been without problems.

In 1981, after four official festivals at Worthy Farm, the local Tory MP, Robert Boscawen, introduced a Bill which was intended to put an end to festivals. Michael fought it through the courts, not just once but again and again through a forest of litigation that would have deterred most people after a month. The battle continues, on a different playing field. Now Michael is to stand as parliamentary candidate for the Labour Party in Wells against the sitting Tory MP, David Heathcote-Amory.

One of his happier memories is of a bunch of Hell's Angels, in their leathers, sitting around their bikes. "A little girl called Lucy Cannon in pink shorts and a white T-shirt went up to them with a handful of daisies and ordered them to make her a daisy chain. The Hell's Angels set to work."

In 1983 an aeroplane with anti-CND banner buzzed the speakers, drowning out the music. Michael remembered a store of fireworks, which cost £70 each, and called into his walkie-talkie to ask if one could reach the plane. Up it went, making scores of mini-explosions. The plane raced off and the local paper's headline was 'Peace farmer gets Stroppy, Lets Off Rocket'.

"When we were making large donations to CND, Jean and I wanted to get people to think about the futility of spending £12,000 million on Trident to fight an enemy we'd never even been to war with.

"The time came when we began to understand that, although the Bomb was the ultimate act of pollution, it was part of countless such acts, a little less gigantic, a little slower, yet none the less fatal to our planet. Every year the are occupied by our Green Fields has grown, and our donations now show our desire to grasp the whole nettle."

So now, as Worthy fills up with groups, site-crew, festival-goers, stalls and campaigners, does it still have that extra factor which has made it different from other festivals?

"The inventiveness and creativity people bring with them is incredible," says Michael.

"Jean and I hope people will take a little of that home with them, so that in time every town and village will have been transformed by it.

"I've enjoyed all the struggles, the legal wrangles – it's been a bit of a challenge, like mountaineering. It's all been climbing and falling back and climbing up again. Jean thinks I'm an addict for living on a precipice. May be something in that."

The first experience of the Glastonbury Festival is like walking out of the stress, worry and strain of everyday life into an easy-going, relaxing and blissful one. In the crowd, everyone is locked together. You feel so secure, content and protected from the real world, nothing could possibly go wrong.

The beat of the music goes straight through you and in a fog of amazement, you know the feelings projected from the person beside you are also ones of joy.

The main stage is like a magnet for the eyes. Thousands stare at it with deep fascination, as if hypnotised. Life's values shine through the everyday smog. You could almost live like this for ever, but life like this is like a drug and very addictive – it's to be taken only occasionally.

At such an enjoyable time, no one needs to take any drugs, to get high or hallucinate. With all its tents and people, you can't avoid getting high on the Festival spirit.

My sense of time disappears and my consideration for those around me increases enormously. It is the only time in my life that I feel I can be completely myself and speak my own views without anyone interrupting or failing to listen.

When the Festival is over, my fever remains high, and whenever I think back on the time of my life, my mind automatically fills with excitement and my fever rises again – as it did when I entered the site on the first day.

Emily Eavis, pictured above left in 1985

Greenpeace

Peaceactions

Twenty-five years ago Glastonbury was born and the music world rocked. But it was only 10 years ago that another event shook the world. July 10th, 1985, two bombs tore through the hull of the Greenpeace flagship Rainbow Warrior as it was docked in Auckland harbour, New Zealand.

One crew member, Fernando Pereira, was dead and the world grieved. As time and an intensive investigation went on, the appalling truth became clear - the French secret service had bombed the Rainbow Warrior under orders from their Government.

The Rainbow Warrior bombing was an historic act of violence - a display of state-sponsored terrorism on the soil of a strongly anti-nuclear country and against an organisation founded on the principle of non-violence.

On Easter Monday this year hundreds of Greenpeace protesters closed down two British nuclear establishments in protest against the continuing production of nuclear weapons. At Sellafield in Cumbria hundreds of activists breached security fences to occupy the site and halt plutonium production. Some wore costumes that resembled yellow plutonium waste barrels. At the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Greenpeace activists sealed with concrete a discharge pipe which carries waste and contaminated water into the River Thames. Without the pipeline production of nuclear warheads would have to be halted. Not to be outdone by the French, UK Ministry of Defence police raided the Greenpeace offices on May 17 looking for 'evidence' of the Greenpeace action. Diaries, videos, books and computer files were taken during the raid.

The founding aim of Greenpeace, which began in 1971, was to persuade governments and industry to change policies and practices that threatened the environment and the earth's natural heritage. Greenpeace vowed to protect the whales and stop the killing of baby seals. It would thwart nuclear dumping at sea and the discharge of toxic waste into the rivers and seas. Above all else it would defend planet earth by taking non-violent direct action.

On April 30, Greenpeace occupied the Brent Spar oil installation in the middle of the North Sea to stop Shell dumping 130 tonnes of toxic and radioactive waste into the North East Atlantic. Four experienced Alpine climbers from Germany, Austria and Switzerland carried out the initial occupation followed by other activists with 20 tonnes of supplies and equipment needed to see them through until they were evicted. The leader of the Greenpeace action was Jonathan Castle, the former captain of the sabotaged Greenpeace ship, the Rainbow Warrior.

For further information visit the Greenpeace solar dome at Glastonbury or write to: Greenpeace, Canonbury Villas, London N1 2PN. Tel: 0171 354 5100. Fax: 0171 696 0012. Internet: http://www.greenpeace.org/.

● THE NORTH SEA OIL INSTALLATION AT THE HEART OF THIS YEARS GREENPEACE ACTION

1980s

Worthy's causes

Over a decade, Glastonbury raised nearly half a million pounds for CND. ***Stephen Abrahall*** *outlines the festival's role in the peace movement.*

There is no doubt that the festival has contributed substantially to the letters CND becoming universally known. The coming of the second wave of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in the early Eighties coincided with the growth of the festival – and this was of benefit to both. People came to the 'CND Festival' to clock in with their friends, volunteer for the cause and be surrounded by the buzz of thousands of like minded people bopping to some great sounds in some great fields.

Nearly £500,000 was donated by Michael and Jean over an extremely important decade of campaigning. That money helped to see off the US Cruise missiles from Greenham Common and Molesworth: it contributed to the huge public demonstrations, the non-violent direct actions, the connections between both poverty and the arms race (Reflected in Oxfam's presence today) and nuclear power. Some of this was epitomised in the delightfully ironic use of a batch of ex-Ministry of Defence materials in the construction of the second Pyramid in 1981.

"Those early injections of cash were vital in keeping the pressure up and contributed to the huge demonstrations and non-violent direct actions."

The importance of nuclear disarmament was all around then; it was the prime campaign of the day. It ridiculed the civil defence plans ('Barricade yourself under a table until the fallout is safe', we were told), the notion that nuclear war was winnable and the so-called Russian threat.

● **PEACE SIGNS** PHOTOGRAPH: LIAM BAILEY

The Festival was the place to celebrate the Movement, Togetherness, Life itself; the place to escape the emerging Thatcher Government; and to be close to tears when Billy Bragg sang that wearing badges was not enough (or when the woodsmoke got in your eyes).

Mid-Somerset CND was formed after a few concerned people heard that a planning application had been lodged to convert redundant railway tunnels under the Mendips into personal fallout shelters. There was a packed public meeting and it was clear there was tremendous enthusiasm for a local CND group. Michael and Jean Eavis have been members ever since, joining demonstrations with the best of them. Michael became vice-president of British CND for several years and the issue was always at the core of his thinking as it should be with any true socialist. There was even an active CND branch in Pilton village itself.

Since then, the Mid-Somerset group has remained closely involved with the festival, running the Information Points on site and defending the ethos of the Festival in the local press whenever it was attacked. In 1981 we had three days to organise and staff the solitary Information tent: now it takes nearly six months to gather and glean info from hundreds of sources an deliver it to five on-site centres at a rate which must be close to the legal limit.

In 1982, West Region CND began running the Gate and Traffic. Hundreds of volunteers from peace groups around the country staffed the gates, collected money, guided vehicles and were exposed to every possible wheeze, wrangle and scam under the sun. That very first Friday was the wettest in Somerset for 45 years.The British CND marquee was sited on a spring, and set a new benchmark in difficult places to campaign – under six inches of slurry. After that, anything was possible. National CND handled ticket sales and had a sizable

● **PYRAMID 1986** PHOTOGRAPH: JEREMY HOOPER

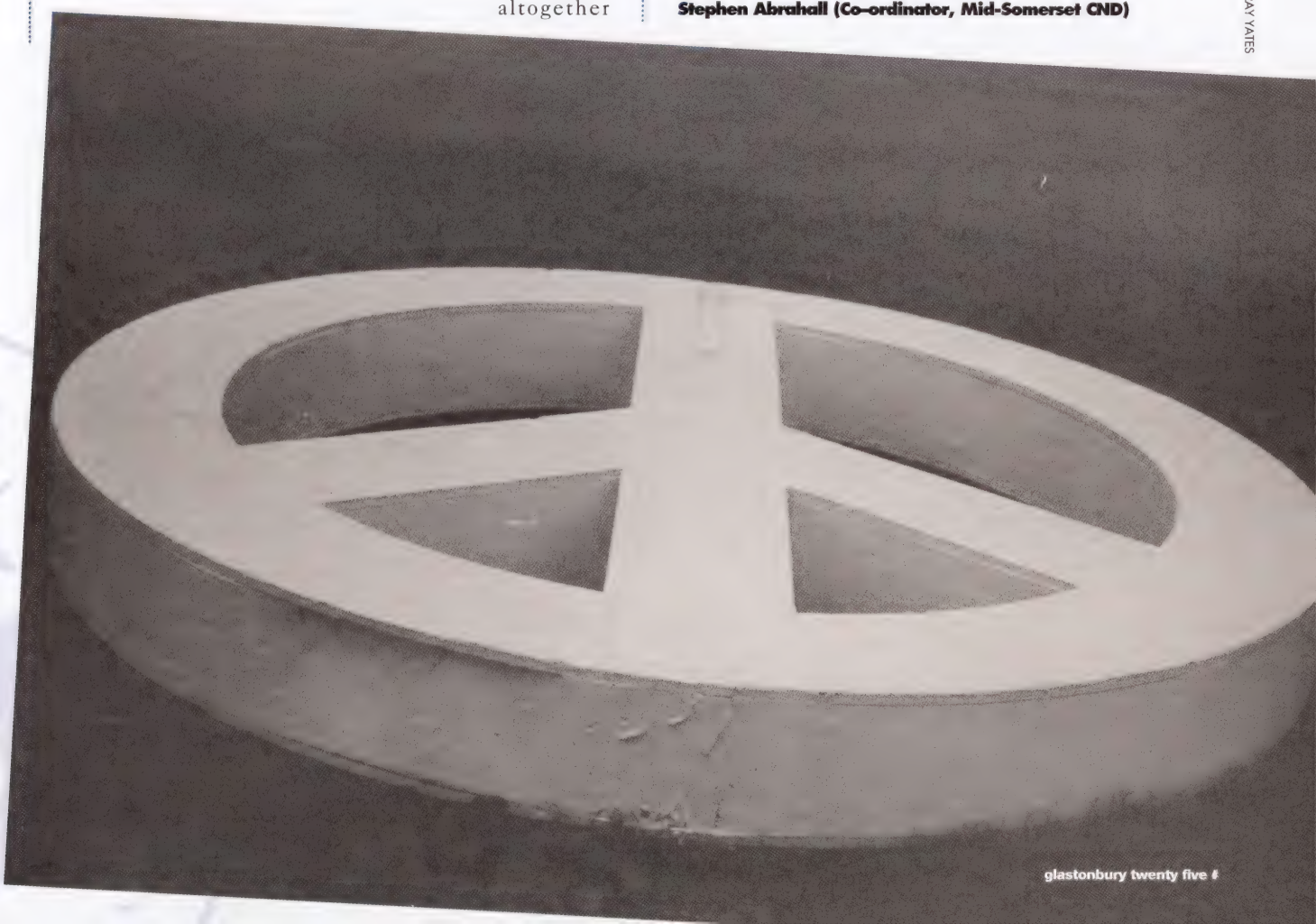
presence throughout Festivals in the Eighties.

When, in 1992, Greenpeace became the main beneficiary of the Festival, we were not all that glum. Their very first campaign had been against nuclear testing and many of their activities since then have been anti-nuclear, often alongside CND. In the public mind, not supporting Greenpeace is often seen as being in favour of clubbing baby seals, so the switch has meant greater local acceptance of the Festival, altogether welcome in an area not rich in contemporary culture.

CND is still working against the slimmed-down, but still extant, British nuclear arsenal, which is still immoral and useless but is now called Trident. A few years ago it was calculated that filling the old 80ft high Pyramid three times over with £1 coins or holding 10,000 Festivals would equal the cost of Trident to the country. Those figures left out the running costs for 30 years. We are spending three times that first amount on a system likely only to harm international security while threatening our very existence on the planet. Those early injections of cash from the Festival were vital in keeping the pressure up. Contemplate what could have happened otherwise. Thanks to Michael and Jean and thousands of supporters.

Stephen Abrahall (Co-ordinator, Mid-Somerset CND)

Pictured below is the huge CND logo which was taken from the top of the Pyramid in 1989. No one knows where it is now.



● **TAKING THE PEACE** PHOTO: RAY YATES

1980s

Field of Greens

The Green Fields celebrate their tenth year at Glastonbury in 1995. This is where many of the ideals which inspired the first events at Worthy Farm are upheld and renewed. No other music or arts festival has anything that comes close to the Green Fields experience and its mixture of the Sixties and the Nineties, radical action and respect for older traditions: if a festival has a soul, this is where you'll find it.

• 'ALTERNATIVE ROCK FESTIVAL' 1992 PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE CARNES

Glastonbury's first Green Field appeared in Norman's Close 1984 but its roots go back to 1980 when activists from the Ecology Party (as it then was) held a summer gathering – a conference in a field – on this site. David Taylor, who now organises the festival's Green Litter Crew, had proposed the idea and Worthy Farm was chosen because of its history of idealistic, cosmic events. After a meeting with Michael Eavis in May, the Ecology activists had two months to organise the Gathering.

It was a very ad hoc event, a mixture of green events under canvas, a few stalls, some entertainment, tipis and a sweat lodge. There was a wonderful co-operative spirit and all of us involved were determined to do it again.

By 1982, the perspective had broadened from the party political to the wider Green movement, with the Green Collective and Green CND both being active. The sunflower logo of Die Grünen, the West German Green Party, was adopted and its leader Petra Kelly sent representatives to the gathering: she attended in person a few years later.

By 1983 the event had moved to Lamberts Hill and it became clear the area could not sustain two events – the gathering and the Festival – so we agreed with Michael to use Normans Close for our own show within the Festival.

The Green Field in 1985 was on the land now occupied by the Healing and Craft Fields. The event was now like a festival within a festival, a village to the main event's city. The energy was still held by the Collective, who organised it, in tandem with other groups, running on a budget negotiated with Michael and using site resources.

"It was now like a festival within a festival, a village to the main event's city"

Specialist areas – Green Futures, the Sacred Space – developed and the area began to make a significant contribution to the whole Festival on a range of issues from the recycling of waste and litter, fair trade, pollution, alternative technologies and medicine to sexual politics, feminism and earth mysteries. The rise of the Litter Crew – and the growing awareness of the audience about dealing with their own mess – and the advent of wind power to the main stage are both good examples of how the ethos of the Green Fields informs the rest of the festival.

The field has also been a campaigning centre for world peace and a reduction in the arms trade. For all of us, it has been a learning process, a struggle to organise efficiently and learn how to deal with personal politics. The opportunities which have arisen here have given many individuals and groups new directions in which to head. Some aspirations have been achieved: Green is definitely on the agenda. The big issues now are the roads campaign; homelessness; animal welfare;

• KEY AWN IT'S REEL

●BEST IN TENT PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE FARNDON

travellers' rights and the Criminal Justice Act as well as the continuing struggle for world peace and an unpolluted planet.

Each Green Fields area is now run by a Co-Ordinator: the whole has become more integrated and centrally controlled by the main event. Collective organisation, although an ideal, can be cumbersome and the festival's popularity creates an enormous pressure on resources and organisation. After the Battle of the Beanfield in 1985, travellers and those who made their annual pilgrimage to Stonehenge looked to the Green Fields for sanctuary and a place to celebrate the Solstice. This new influx resulted in three, not two, events and resources were stretched. Local concern and lack of organisation made the situation untenable and left the Greens with split loyalties. So the Green Fields have had to become more formalised, losing – inevitably – some of the spirit and spontaneity in exchange for the more professional approach required by the higher profile which Green issues were attracting worldwide.

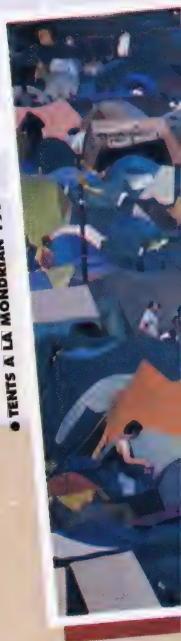
This gathering has now become a high point of the year when everyone can meet, work, celebrate and network. In allowing us to have this space, both Michael and Jean have made a significant contribution to the Green movement. And now a new cycle of Green Gatherings has begun, supported with loans of equipment by none other than Glastonbury Festivals. The Future is Green!.

Text: Anne Waterhouse, one of the original members of the Green Collective

● BELOW: EARTH MOTHER, GREEN FIELD
● ABOVE: SAVE THE RHINO
PHOTOGRAPHS: CLIVE FARNDON

Basscamps

Two Cabaret Marquee regulars let you in on some of the mystic secrets of Glastonbury, including a sure-fire cure for hay fever and the best words to rhyme with 'Steve Hillage'. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Attila the Stockbroker and John Hegley.



● TENTS A LA MONDRIAN 1994 PHOTOGRPH: ANN COOK

Well, I've played it every year there has been one since 1982. The Cabaret/Theatre stage, early afternoon – so that the glorious mix of raw cider, real ale and crusty grub can come afterwards, the decent bands and evening sights and sounds can be checked out and the whole thing has time to settle before the next day's show.

Along with the Vancouver Folk Festival, it's the highlight of the year. . . a gathering of the clans, a gathering of the glands, at least until the showers work – an annual meeting of minds, a celebration of independent culture, a unique and special atmosphere.

Yes, it's got bigger and more commercial and the atmosphere has changed a bit, but no Glasto hasn't sold out. I don't agree with either extreme – neither the small minority of wannabe-hip, right-wing tossers who claim the Nineties as their own and come to Glasto to get stoned and sneer at the crusties, nor the totally-gone hippies who've, well, gone . . . cos it's not the same.

As a successful mix of alternative lifestyle and entertainment industry, the Glastonbury Festival is the best there is. If you want the commercial music press-sanctioned stuff (some of which, as usual, is great, some crap), it's all there. If you don't, you can hang out in the Green Field, gorge yourself on lentils and listen to a load of Latvian virtuosos play variations on the first Can album. Or something like that.

Much respect is due to Arabella Churchill for keeping the Cabaret Stage precisely that and not allowing it to be completely taken over by that all-pervasive business monster, comedy. Humour is great, satire is wonderful, but the wheel-em-on mainstream corporate supermarket fodder aspect of 1995 'comedy' sucks and its time is up – The Campaign For Real Cabaret starts here.

Downsides are few and far between. . . that old chestnut the toilets obviously. Don't

● IT'S ALL TUTU MUCH PHOTOGRPAH: CLIVE FARNDON

● ATTILA PITCHES IN

think that us performers have it easier with our special facilities. After a day and a half, the National Union Of Flies are holding their annual convention in the backstage WCs, same as everywhere else.

And for me, and thousands of other, the fact that Glasto coincides with the most virulently pollinating part of the hay fever season means that streaming eyes and clogged-up noses are endemic. Gray's Allergy! Fellow sufferers hear this. I've found a remedy which has stood me in good stead ever since the 1983 Festival when I nearly died from a combination of hay fever and sunburn and was revived by a carefully-aimed bucket of water from my old mucker Steven 'Seething' Wells. Attila The Stockbroker's guaranteed hay fever cure. Throw all those crap homoeopathic remedies away and just take a daily dose of six pints of raw scrumpy and four pints of real ale, washed down by the hottest curry on site, and then add some serious punk rock. Works every time. See you there!

© JOHN HEGLEY'S UNFEASIBLY SMALL TENT PHOTOGRAPH: J. DE STEFANO

My First Glastonbury

It was in the early Eighties
and Steve Hillage
played with deftness and with dillige
as the lasers ploughed their tillage
through the dark
and returning through the millage
to my stretch of canvas village
I found someone wretching illage
on my fly sheet.

Glastonbury Festival field life

First night under canvas
two hours after the music finishes
the day begins,
with the sleep-shattering
aluminium clatter
of potential accommodation
tipped beside your ear,
accompanied by the natter
of those who have put away far too much 'gear'
to seriously consider these outsized spillikins.
They will have a go though
for the next two hours or so,
not knowing the difference
between a tent pole,
a toilet roll
and the megaphone they have brought along to heckle the comedians.

Glastonbury

it is the peace festival
midnight
moonlight
and the sound of drumbeat and song
as long as the night is
a night of dancing chanting rhythm
and release
it is the festival of peace
and there's nowhere round here you can get any

John Hegley

SNAP JUDGMENTS

They came, they played, they had a ball. Some celebrated backstage pass holders tell it like it was.

● IN EXCELSIS: **PETER GABRIEL ON STAGE 1994** PHOTO: ANN COOK

You have grown up without losing your dreams

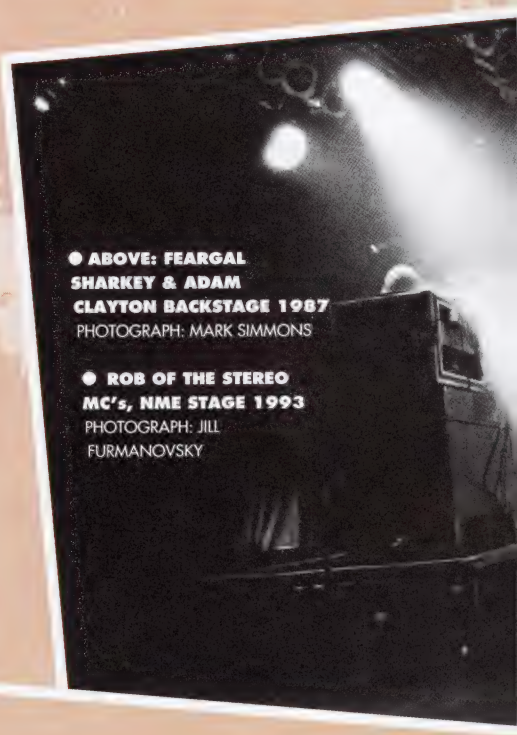
You have grown old without losing touch

You have grown big without losing your heart

Besides – you have survived 25 years.

Congratulations!

Peter Gabriel



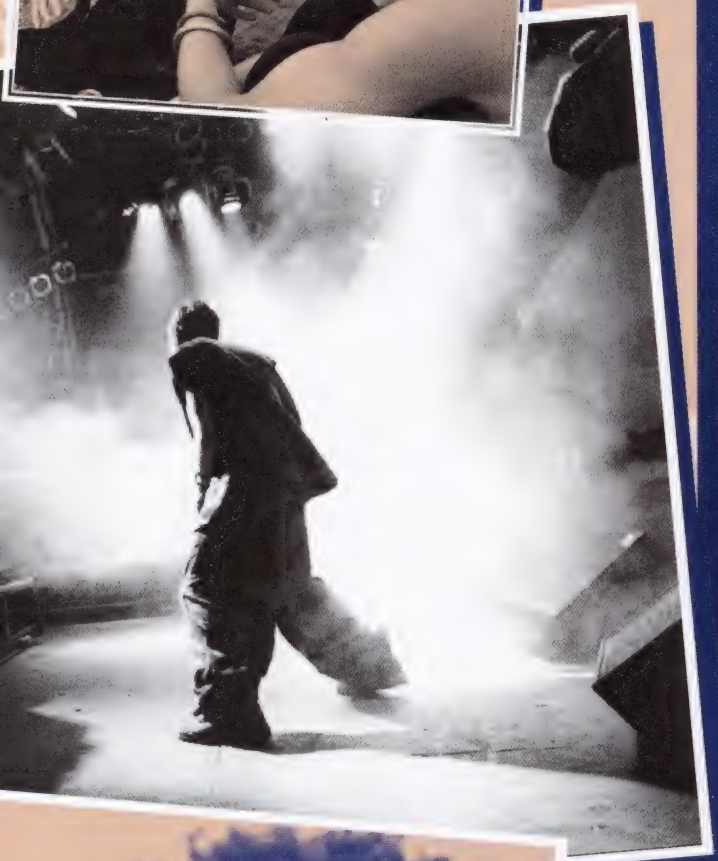
● **ABOVE: FEARGAL SHARKEY & ADAM CLAYTON BACKSTAGE 1987** PHOTOGRAPH: MARK SIMMONS

● **ROB OF THE STEREO MC's, NME STAGE 1993** PHOTOGRAPH: JILL FURMANOVSKY

● DIDGERI TWO: **GLASTONBURY CULTURES UNITE AS JAKE THE PEG MEETS JAKE THE DREAD** PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE FARNDON

● FAR RIGHT: **KITSCH 'N BLINK: TOM JONES, FIRST OF A GLORIOUS RUN OF VETERANS ON THE PYRAMID. HE WAS FOLLOWED IN 1993 BY ROLF AND JOHNNY CASH IN 1994** PHOTOGRAPH: ANN COOK

● **A BRACE OF PEELS**



GLASTO *top ten*

Who's been here the most often? Is Van on every year? Settle those campfire arguments with this invaluable top five(ish) list compiled purely in the interests of fun.

Apologies to Attilla and Hegley who, despite sterling service in the Theatre Fields, don't make the grade. This roll of honour is for musicians who have played on the main stages in the past 25 years. Rules: one point per year played (multiple stages are only worth one point – you get nothing for a pair in this game). And, over the page – what a coincidence – you can find the Glastonbury thoughts of Billy Bragg and Mike Scott.

No. 1 Billy Bragg (the big six)

No. 2 Van Morrison, Mike Scott (five years)

No. 3 Sharon Shannon, Karl Wallinger, Chuck Prophet , Tanya Donnelly, Galliano, Christy Moore, Senser, Andy Davis, Elvis Costello, Blue Aeroplanes, James (four apiece)

No. 4 The Cure, Paul Brady, Peter Gabriel, Black Uhuru, The Waterboys, Evan Dando, Blurt, P.J. Harvey, The Oyster Band, Dodgy, The Rockingbirds, Richard Thompson, The Saw Doctors (love me three times)

nul points THE GRATEFUL DEAD, NEIL YOUNG

(extra marks to Tanya for playing with three different bands in six years (Throwing Muses, Breeders, Belly) and those likely bedfellows Evan Dando, Sharon Shannon and Senser for a hat-trick from 1993-95

Join together

Billy Bragg & Mike Scott *have clocked up eleven appearances here between them. "What's the attraction?" we asked. One of them just had to say 'I love you' in a song.*

The fact which makes Glastonbury a unique experience among the major rock festivals in this country is that the site itself is miles from anywhere. It's not tacked on to a dormitory town like Reading, nor in a purpose-built area like the Milton Keynes Bowl. I went to the Knebworth festival as a teenager and, despite its cod aristocratic setting in the grounds of a stately home, it's a mere half-hour walk from Stevenage and the M1 cuts through its eastern boundary. Even the Phoenix festival is sited on a relatively accessible disused airfield.

Glastonbury offers no such cosy link with civilisation. In fact, for the duration of that June weekend, the festival site is the largest community in the whole of Somerset. You have to go all the way to Bristol to find a larger population than the 80,000 souls gathered at Worthy Farm.

The challenge of how to get there is the same for pop star and punter alike The narrow back lanes are filled with wandering hitchhikers and trucks all searching for the most efficient and speedy access to the Festival. And once you're there... well, you're there. There's just no point in trying to come and go as you please. How much time and money have bands spent by checking into cosy hotels in Shepton Mallet only to waste the day sitting in their coach waiting for the drummer and his girlfriend to get back from the Jazz Field?

There are of course those who never leave the charmed enclosure behind the Pyramid Stage for fear of mingling with the Great Unwashed. After years of threatening to abandon the practice of backstage passes for anyone but the artists, Michael Eavis took the first step towards democratising the site last year by ensuring the toilets behind the Main Stage were emptied last of all. Bright young things with mobile phones were heard calling desperately for late friends to bring buckets and bog-roll with them.

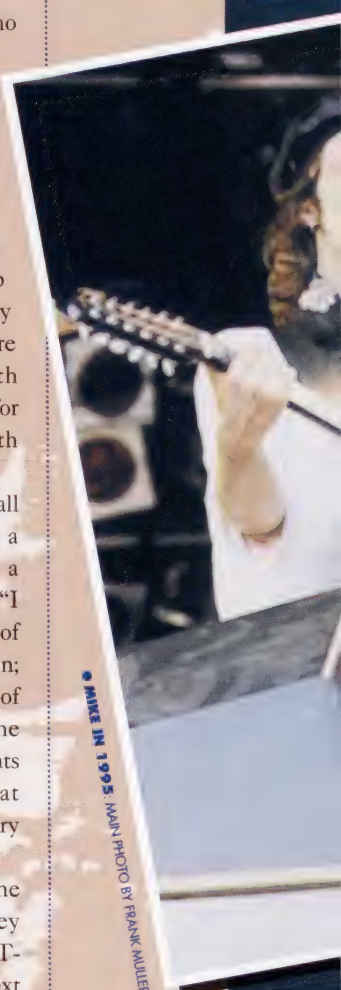
The real Glastonbury experience comes from all of us being in it together. The joy of seeing a favourite performer; the frustration of missing a mate ("I said three o'clock at the beer tent"-"I was there"-"I didn't see you"- x5000); the fun of buying clothes you are never going to wear again; the annoyance of running out of cash; the glory of a Somerset sunrise; the chill of the rain. And the utter impracticality of nipping home when it stats getting cold and dark. These are things that encourage a sense of community at Glastonbury which you seldom find at another rock festival.

True, others do have campsites attached for the more devoted all-weather fan; but for most they offer the opportunity to see a few bands, buy a T-shirt, get sunburnt, drunk, and wake up the next morning in their own beds.

Glastonbury challenges us to rise from our armchairs and bar stools and participate in the glorious mud of alternative cultures.

Billy Bragg 1995

● BILLY BRAGG PICS: LEFT: J.HAMMOND & N.COOPER. TOP: B.CANNING & T.EMERY



● MIKE IN 1995. MAIN PHOTO BY FRANK MULLER

● MIKE SCOTT, PYRAMID 1986 PHOTOGRAPH: MARCUS COLE

Goin' Back to Glasters

. . .being an account of my various appearances at Glastonbury Festival with and without The Waterboys

I first played the Pyramid Stage back in 1984
Karl and Kev, Barv on bass and Antoman made four
I stayed up all night, wide awake, wearing a mile wide grin
Digging the transient city and all that grimness within

Played a storm in '86, thought we were the kings
Fiddle bows and mandolins – sure broke a lot of strings
We played 'Purple Rain', 'Medicine Bow' and 'The Healing Has Begun'
I climbed the Tor at the break of dawn just to salute the sun

And I'm goin' back to Glasters walking tall
Yes I'm goin' back to Glasters walking tall, walking tall
I'm goin' back to Glasters
can't go any faster
I'm goin' back to Glasters, that's all

Next time was '89 with the ragtle taggle band
We were jamming jigs and reels in a backstage transit van
I wore a wedding suit, sang 'When ye go away'
Sharon Shannon's accordion was the soundtrack of the day

Five years later I returned, a different man of course
Guested with the boy McNabb and the mighty Crazy Horse
Cranked up the red Les Paul, let the bastard rip
I'm comin' back this year for sure, I might even be hip!

And I'm goin' back to Glasters walking tall
Yes I'm goin' back to Glasters walking tall, walking tall
I'm goin' back to Glasters
can't go any faster
I'm goin' back to Glasters, that's all

Mike Scott

(THIS SONG WAS SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND RECORDED FOR THE NEW CHRYSALIS LP CELEBRATING 25 YEARS OF GLASTONBURY.)

Rainparade

Rain plus grass equals Mud. Welcome to 1985, and bits of 1987, two 3-day endurance events, and have a heart for the Gate Stewards who are subjected annuaLly to bizarre means of blagging a way onto the site.
Traffic reports compiled by ***Pat Wilson.***

● ABOVE: **YEAR OF THE MUDBATH**
PHOTOGRAPH: STUART CLARKE

● NEAR RIGHT: **TIME OUT FOR SECURITY STAFF**
PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE FARNDON

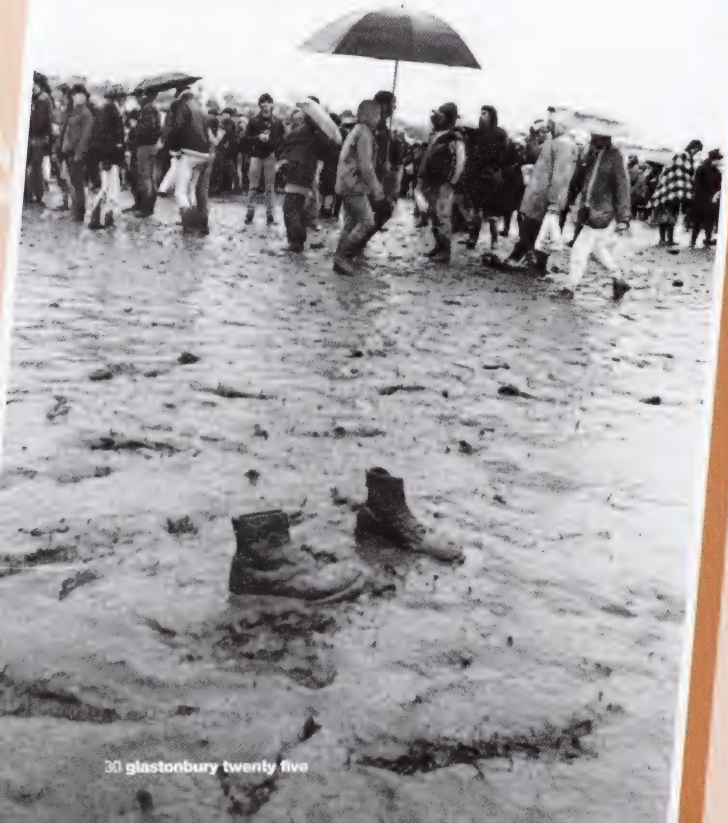
Of all the bands who have had to be escorted to the stage by Gate stewards because they were running late, only Primal Scream returned to personally thank the team – but they still left the office carrying the large amount of alcohol which they had brought in!

● LEFT: **BURNT-OUT VAN (ACTUALLY HE WAS QUITE GOOD THAT YEAR) 1987** PHOTOGRAPH: MARK SIMMONS

● BELOW: **THESE BOOTS WERE MADE FOR DUMPING 1985**
PHOTOGRAPH: BEEZER

● RIGHT: **Ps & Qs**
PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE FARNDON

The crew had badges made showing a hand rising out of the mud holding a sign saying 'I survived 1985'. A pile of shoes and trainers was left outside the Gate and Traffic office: people had gathered round a lorry selling wellies and just left their old, and by now mud-caked, footwear behind.



In 1994, one man turned up with his ticket torn into pieces and set in plastic: his wife had ripped it up to stop him coming, but then he had all the pieces mounted.

1984: One helpful festival-goer relayed traffic reports on his CB to the gate stewards as he was leaving the site - "Serious accident ahead...traffic jam coming up" and more. The stewards tried to send people to help but found neither accident nor jams. Then they realised he was still relaying traffic reports as he was approaching . . . Manchester.

One year the police acquired what they thought was an official site map, clearly provided by someone with a sense of humour. It had signs of the zodiac incorporated in place names. "We can see where the power lines are," an officer told us, "but what are all these ley lines?"

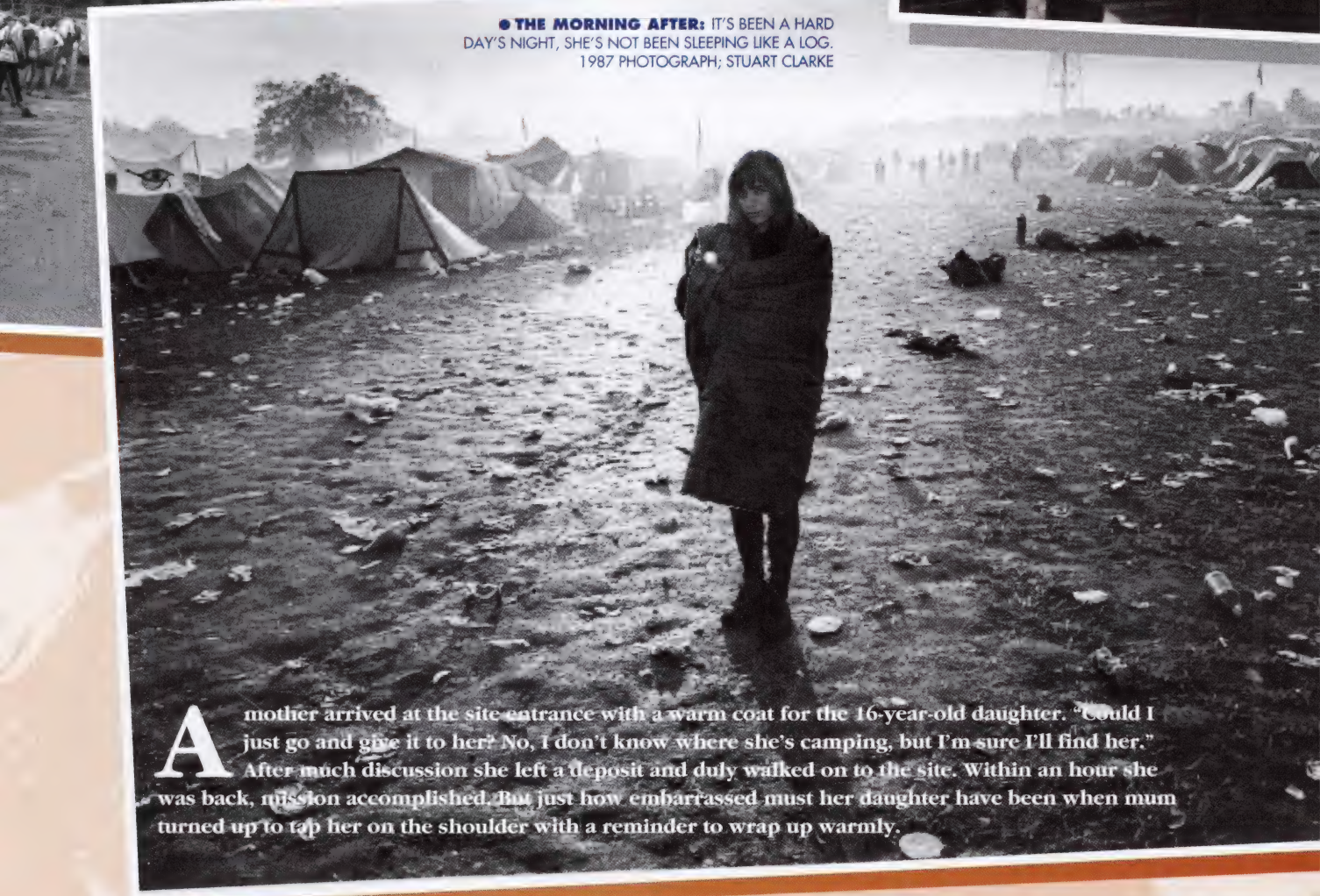
The Gate team frame the best home-made tickets – but still won't let the bearer in. In the second year that wristbands were used, one man arrived wearing the previous year's colour: he'd kept it on all year thinking he would get in again.

One entrepreneur at Glastonbury '86 decided to make his fortune by driving down in a lorry full of wellies which he hoped to sell at a huge profit, having experienced the desperation of punters during '85's mudbath. Sadly for him, '86 was bone dry and gloriously sunny and he had to drive his wellies all the way home again.

"Can you tell me where my car is? I arrived at 10pm on Friday and parked in a field with a tree in it - which one would that be?" Amazingly, this query is usually solved.

● **OVER THE TOP:** THE WAY IT USED TO BE (FOR A FEW OF YOU) BEFORE THE DOUBLE FENCE WAS INSTALLED & SECURITY IMPROVED. PHOTOGRAPH: CLIVE FARNDON

● **THE MORNING AFTER:** IT'S BEEN A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, SHE'S NOT BEEN SLEEPING LIKE A LOG. 1987 PHOTOGRAPH; STUART CLARKE



Another arrived at the site entrance with a warm coat for the 16-year-old daughter. "Could I just go and give it to her? No, I don't know where she's camping, but I'm sure I'll find her." After much discussion she left a deposit and duly walked on to the site. Within an hour she was back, mission accomplished. But just how embarrassed must her daughter have been when mum turned up to tap her on the shoulder with a reminder to wrap up warmly.

1980s

So it *grows*

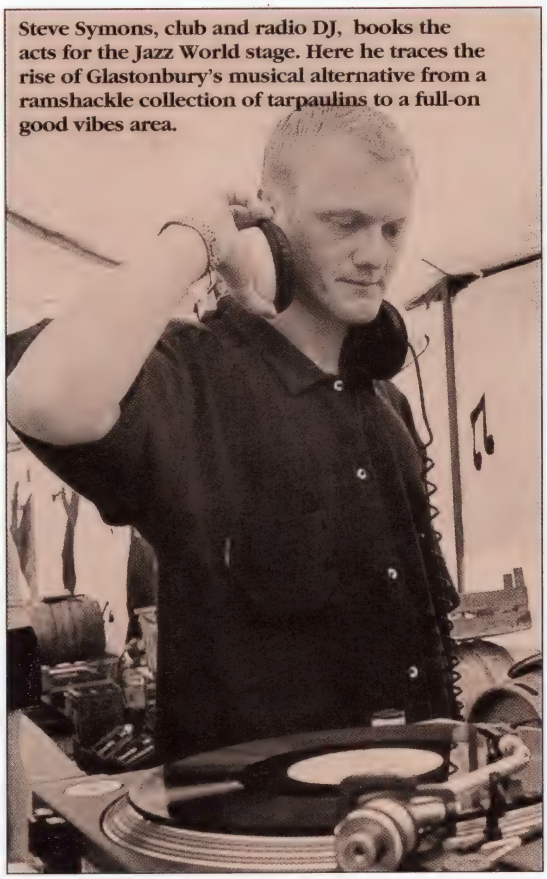
Alice The Mongrel were early headliners on the second music stage, exiled to a far corner of the site; this year thousands will pack the Jazz World arena to see Tricky and Gil Scott-Heron.

It was when we played Glastonbury Festival in '92 on the Jazz Stage, that we really began to make sense of ourselves," declared Galliano's Rob Gallagher. "It was the whole thing, the open air, a mix of people up for that eclectic kind of music. It all slotted into place."

That was the year it all slotted into place for Glastonbury's original second stage which had been undergoing a similar search for identity since it began nearly a decade earlier.

In 1983, it was stuck on the southern fringes of the site in Glebeland. The first alternative music stage was a ramshackle collection of tarpaulin and pallets. This 'marquee' was home to the likes of The Extra Hot Mango Chutney Band and Alice The Mongrel. It was run by Mark Simpson, a veteran of Bristol's Ashton Court free festivals, who had already made an impression by persuading Michael Eavis to have African and reggae acts on the Pyramid stage.

For the next couple of years, the marquee brought bands from Glastonbury, Bath and Bristol to Worthy Farm, but they were not always to the taste of the masses. Mike Gifford, now jazz stage site manager, recalls early highlights such as Canoe, fronted by freeform jazz veteran, Keith Tippett. "They cleared three-quarters of the crowd in five minutes flat but I was really excited." Commercial considerations were never the ultimate driving force then: "We had to book a few bands people liked just so we could get away with it".



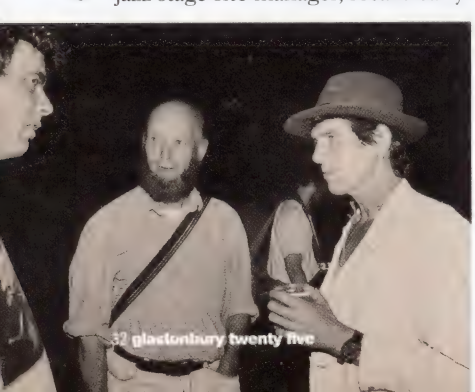
Steve Symons, club and radio DJ, books the acts for the Jazz World stage. Here he traces the rise of Glastonbury's musical alternative from a ramshackle collection of tarpaulins to a full-on good vibes area.

In 1984, as Sphere were finishing their set, the drummer and bass player from Weather Report (who had played on the Pyramid stage) drifted over asking: "Who was that horn player? We gotta get Joe (Zawinul) to check this out." A year later Zawinul, judging a competition for best European saxophonist, helped award it to that same man – Andy Sheppard. Another then unknown sax player was Steve Williamson. Appearing with Misty In Roots, he unleashed a fearsome five-minute solo to a cheering crowd. Eight years later he was headlining the Jazz stage.

The year it first became an outdoor stage was 1985, the mudfest to end them all. In torrential rain, the small crew went five days without sleep, working all day and then pushing vans out of the quagmire at night.

One of the rockier offerings was Urok, supposedly a US/Russian collaboration but in reality, a scam. Arriving with no instruments they demanded that their Stars And Stripes and Hammer And Sickle backdrop be hoisted on stage. Worried about the hail of bottles the Stripes might attract (this was when it was a CND benefit – the year before, Terry Hall had burnt the US flag on the Pyramid stage to huge cheers) they were politely refused.

After a lot of argument they hit the stage only to mime to a dismal backing tape. Despite this and the weather, 1985 was judged a huge success with bands such as The Men They Couldn't Hang, Microdisney



● THREE WISE MEN: **MARTIN ELBOURNE (WHO BOOKS MAIN STAGE BANDS), MICHAEL EAVIS AND MARK SIMPSON.** PHOTO: MARK SIMMONS

ABOVE: THE BHUNDU BOYS, WOMAD STAGE 1987 PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SIMMONS

and The Poison Girls drawing massive crowds.

In 1987, Michael Eavis invited Womad to run their own stage at Glastonbury. There were also outbreaks of world music on the other three music stages. Michelle Shocked, first booked as a Womad headliner, ended up playing on just about every stage and was the hit of the festival.

With no festival in '88 and the licence only granted for '89 on the proviso that there was amplified music only on the main stage, Mark Simpson (who by then was regularly standing for The Green party at local elections) was not to get another chance until 1990. Following the success of '87, he was asked to prepare a world music stage. Despite sunshine, record crowds and a cracking line-up, this was the year of epic behind–the–scenes cock-ups which led to delays or outright failures with the PA, staging, electrics, roof and water supply. Despite the axing of the first half of Friday's acts, the rest of the weekend ran reasonably smoothly.

With sponsorship from NME, the second stage became the Holy Grail of indiedom. Not wishing to lose Mark Simpson, Eavis hit on the idea of a jazz marquee. His original plan was for a small tent hosting quartets and quintets but Simpson nudged him bit by bit into stumping up more cash and more space. Mark and his new stage booker Malcolm Haynes wanted to see more dance music at Glastonbury. Eventually, they were both to get their way and '92 saw the birth of the Jazz World stage as we know it today.

"In torrential rain, the small crew went five days without sleep, working all day and then pushing vans out of the quagmire at night."

Names like Roy Ayers, Galliano, US3, Urban Species and Baaba Maal ensured ever bigger crowds but those running the stage always try to retain the spontaneous flavour of those early years. As Mark Simpson explains: "It's a large stage that manages to retain the rapport between performers and audience. We try to create a vibe that's going on in front and behind the stage that the groups pick up, the crowd picks up and then throws back on the stage."

That backstage vibe has always been special, fostered by the attitude that the happier the musicians, the better the performance. The bar is, unsurprisingly, the main hangout with DJs giving way to impromptu jam sessions on a mini stage.

Attempts to create the Harmony Village ambience have not always been reciprocated. One soul singer was so shocked by the scenes of inter–tribal madness on the

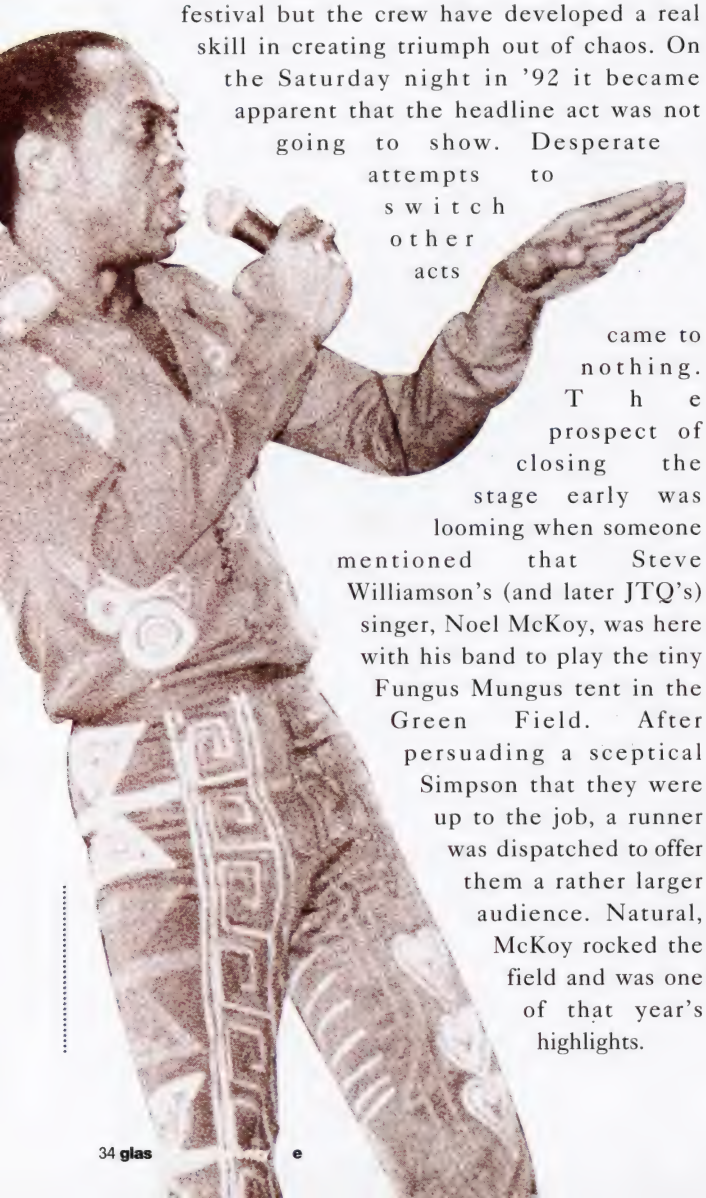
● AYERS ROCK: ROY ON THE JAZZ STAGE 1993. PHOTOGRAPH BY LIAM BAILEY

That backstage vibe has always been special, fostered by the attitude that the happier the musicians, the better the performance.

MARK SIMPSON

drive in that, once safely backstage, she refused to leave the van until due onstage. Another performer, Lucky Dube, also holed up in his van until he was given an iron. He then declined to get on stage unless he was brought a pair of size nine shoes and they absolutely had to be green.

No one would ever claim that the Jazz World stage is the slickest-run part of the festival but the crew have developed a real skill in creating triumph out of chaos. On the Saturday night in '92 it became apparent that the headline act was not going to show. Desperate attempts to switch other acts came to nothing. The prospect of closing the stage early was looming when someone mentioned that Steve Williamson's (and later JTQ's) singer, Noel McKoy, was here with his band to play the tiny Fungus Mungus tent in the Green Field. After persuading a sceptical Simpson that they were up to the job, a runner was dispatched to offer them a rather larger audience. Natural, McKoy rocked the field and was one of that year's highlights.



● BELOW, FELA KUTI, PYRAMID 1984. PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SIMMONS

"IT'S A DIFFERENT CULTURE TO ANY OTHER FESTIVAL"

Glastonbury is like a large private party, and now it's the largest event of its kind in Europe. This is, of course, part of the fun for us, but for Steve Anderson, an environmental health officer with Mendip District Council, the growth of the Glastonbury Festival has meant a great deal of hard work.

A folklore has grown up around Michael Eavis's legal battles to hold the festival, but, after some understandable misgivings, council officers such as Steve now try to make this event run as smoothly as possible. "We don't police the event, we deal with problems as they arise, try to be pragmatic," says Steve.

"We have lots of events catering for 1–2,000 people in this area: that's manageable. But when 80,000 people plonk themselves down on a cluster of fields, living there, eating, drinking, washing, it requires a lot of effort. It's got to work, to be safe and satisfactory. We look for safety on site, and minimising nuisance. We devote most of our work to the former, but the latter preoccupies the locals."

Steve agrees that the most dodgy times were in the mid-Eighties. "That's when it was expanding faster than it had the ability to cope. But now I think there's trust and respect on both sides.

"The Festival now has an established hierarchy and we all meet in January – regulators, festival people, contractors emergency services. It used to be a horrendous logistical task because there's no mains water supply, so you're constantly filling 400 milk tankers for drinking and washing water."

Steve has experience of other major festivals and recognises Glastonbury as a different kind of event. "It's because of the background. Yes, it's a massive financial thing, but there are armies of volunteers which you couldn't have on a purely commercial event. The culture of it is different. But it's hard to say if it is more accepted locally. We don't get many complaints now. It is very intimate with the community. Some might say Michael Eavis is sophisticated and cynical, or you could say that he's just giving something back. The Rotarians, Scouts, British Legion, they all help out and all get something from it.

"The year off in 1990 was the turning point, that was when the festival grew up – and the police impact has been fundamental to that. As an event it gets more sophisticated every year."

1980s

Stage ritual

He's played everywhere from the Pyramid to the Wango Reilly stage. He is Nik Turner and he tells Steve Henwood why he can't keep away.

Nik Turner has been a familiar figure around the festival since the very beginning, first with Hawkwind and later his own projects Sphinx, Inner City Unit, and The Fantastic Allstars who appear this year as a circus act as well as a band. Nik himself is often to be found guesting with other acts and old friends on the smaller stages up towards the top of the site - it's invariably an indication of quality or at least that something amusing is likely to occur. "I enjoy the little stages more nowadays - dirty rock'n'roll atmosphere, lots of attitude. The Wango Reilly stage was always good, sure I'll be able to find something like that... Croissant Neuf is a nice one..."

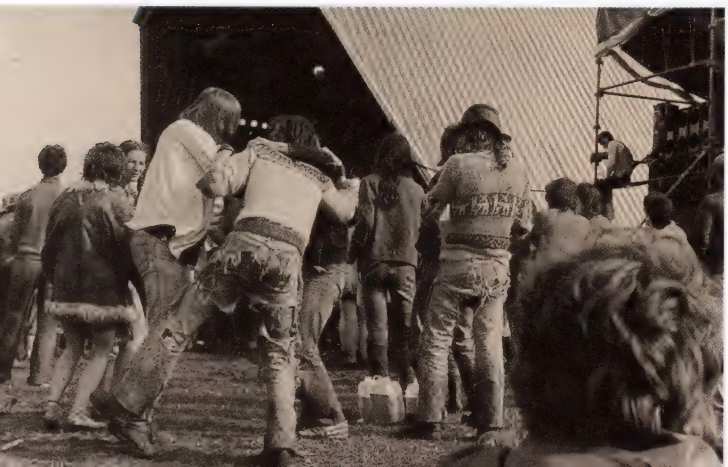
This may be the case now but back in 1971 Hawkwind were among the main attractions. "We'd been practising in Glastonbury and on the farm, serenading the cows. We had a bass player called Thomas Crimble who lived in the area so we used to come down and practise here. That's how we met Michael Eavis." After leaving the band, Thomas went on to play an important part in the Festival organisation so the connection remains. "We came down with some guys from the Pink Fairies. I remember it well. Very nice, very happy, very untogether really. One of the main organisers, an American guy called James, he had a nervous breakdown just before. No wonder."

"Then of course there wasn't a festival for a few years and I got involved in some of the others, the free festivals, Windsor, Stonehenge. There used to be a little one near here in Butleigh Wood, out beyond Street. One year, 1978 I think it was, there was this convoy of vehicles driving around, the usual story, couldn't get in to Butleigh and as far as I understand it Michael Eavis got sort of caught up in the traffic jam and the Police asked him "Do you mind if they park on your land?" I suppose he must have said Yes. Anyway I got this phonecall to say there was a festival on and I'd just built myself a pyramid stage as a promotional thing for my Xitintoday album. I'd just been to Egypt. It was the first time I'd used it. It went on to be used at Stonehenge and became a sort of people's stage."

● NIK TURNER 1995

"We had it at Glastonbury another year, 1981. The BBC were doing a programme on reincarnation and they were very interested in what I was doing, so I got them to finance me to do a performance of my Egyptian stuff with the pyramid at Glastonbury that year. Well we did the Sphinx show in the afternoon, but at that time the people in the band were changing, getting urbanised, and about 1 or 2 in the morning we decided we should launch the new band, which was Inner City Unit. Must have been about 2am, we got back onto our pyramid and stated playing. They came down from the farmhouse, I think we upset them. They were saying "You've ruined the festival for everyone". Course it wasn't true. We've had a few run-ins, me & Mr. Eavis, but I think he knows I've got a lot of respect for him. He does what a lot of people don't, puts on something with a bit of feeling which is actually good for people, not soul-less..."

"Must have played with Hawkwind at Glastonbury one more time, 1985 I think is was, in the travellers' field they had that year. Course I wasn't actually in the band any more, been asked to leave the year before, but I was there and thought - why not? Dave Brock didn't like it much, though..." There follows a lengthy account of the 26-year life of the band probably only of interest to die-hard fans (like this writer), though Nik actually appeared with his own Hawkwind show on a Wind & Sun powered stage in the Green Futures arena last year. Full circle. Part of the landscape. If you see a tall feller with mad eyes and a painted saxophone at one of the café stages, hang around a while. It'll be fun.



● STYLE GURUS WAIT FOR HAWKWIND TO APPEAR PIC: PIERS GASCOIGNE

Act naturally

In 1994, a journalist came upon the police diligently searching for bullets after shots were fired on the Saturday night. The back , possibly somewhat overtired and emotional, pushed his way through the cordon and yelled: "Hullo Natural Theatre Company, hullo, hullo, you are wonderful! Nobody does street theatre as well as you!"

WE haven't performed at every festival, just as often as possible! We missed the first one, but in 1971 we ran a soup kitchen with (what we thought were) immaculate waiters. We worked all night, serving veg stew and chicken curry, which didn't go down so well as there was a general air of forced vegetarianism.

By breakfast we were doing a to-your-tent bedside service and the chicken curry was soon scoffed too. It was quite difficult to keep our outfits smart and shoes polished, but it became part of the fun to do so.

Since the start, we have always tried to stand out by looking smart, conventional or 'straight'. For example, our CIA security men – rushing across site, waving at imaginary helicopters and back-up teams while talking wildly into shortwave cigarette packets – were pounced on by real security men and thrown against the fence for some fairly physical cross-questioning.

In later years, our famous kissing policemen and women were hauled away to Police HQ. "Why are you doing this?" they screamed. "It's our job," we answered calmly. "Take those helmets and jackets off and get back to your base." So off we skipped, hand-in-hand, looking like off-duty coppers in love, causing just as much bewilderment as when fully helmeted.

Visiting Dignitaries was always a good wheeze. The spoof local councillors and residents objecting to the festival caused complete mayhem, with some punters getting very angry, some pretending to be angry and others looking on with great hilarity!

One year, when a great deal of nakedness was in evidence, with everyone trying to look cool and unconcerned about it, we presented a visiting dignitary complete with security men and ladies in big hats. He passed among the crowds, pausing for polite, bland chats, shaking hands and occasionally declaring something open – a distinguished mayoral gentleman wearing nothing but black shoes, black socks and a bowler hat!

Disapproving of the festival, whether by dressing as National Silence Day campaigners or masquerading as

● OUT OF THEIR HEADS. PHOTOGRAPHS: **PETER MACDIARMID**

nosey suburban neighbours – complete with portable net curtains to pep through and ding-dong door chimes – proved very effective. There is always some stoned punter willing to scream abuse, but it's all part of being a Natural. Keeping a straight face is what we are paid for, after all.

Making a mark on such a huge festival with a minimum of props, four performers and no spectacular circus skills would seem a difficult task. (In fact, anyone who shows an aptitude for unicycling or juggling is immediately invited to leave.) But we are very pleased when, as so often happens, we are on tour in a far-flung corner of the globe and we hear people recount the weird and wonderful happenings they have seen at Glastonbury – many of which turn out to be us!

TEXT: **RALPH OSWICK**, FOUNDER MEMBER OF **THE NATURAL THEATRE COMPANY** WHO HAVE ALSO JUST CELEBRATED THEIR 25TH ANNIVERSARY.

● FAR LEFT: **CUFF LINKS**. PHOTOGRAPH: PETER MACDIARMID

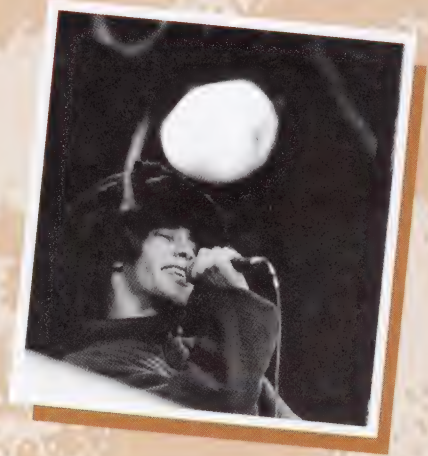
SNAP JUDGMENTS

• TOP: JOHNNY CASH 1994
• LEFT: LOU REED, WHO CAMPED OUT (IN A TENT, DUMMY) AFTER HIS 1992 SHOW, PICTURED WITH THE VELVETS IN 93
PHOTOGRAPHS: ANN COOK
• FAR LEFT: BRETT ANDERSON, WHO CAMPED IT UP WITH SUEDE IN 1993
PHOTOGRAPH: JILL FURMANOVSKY
RIGHT ROBERT PLANT 1993,
PHOTO: JILL FURMANOVSKY

They came, they played, they had a ball . . . slight return. Some more big names give their very own Glastonbury verdicts.

Paying last year was definitely one of those all-time peaks. It really hit home when we got to the end of the set, playing 'Chime'. I nudged Phil at one point because the lights were on the audience and it was just an astounding image. We ended up dancing around holding hands, and it just reminded me of when we were little dancing around next to the bathtub when we were about to have a bath together! We didn't know what the bloody hell was going on and there were 20,000 people stood there! I reached a new level of nervousness that night. Five minutes before we went on I was throwing up behind an articulated lorry backstage."

Paul Hartnoll, Orbital, 1995.



Glastonbury is the reason that festivals should exist. It's like those festivals used to be in Atlanta and Texas and Seattle. I know these are socially very different times, but back then the atmosphere was one of community and everybody contributed, everybody was involved, everybody who came through the gate was doing their best to make it something really special. That element's still there at Glastonbury."

Robert Plant, 1993

"Glastonbury? Fantastic! It's the variety of the bill that does it"

Andy Kershaw

● CENTRE: BAABA MAAL AND HIS BAND - FIRIN' ON ALL CYLINDERS IN 1993
PHOTO: JILL FURMANOVSKY

● BELOW: ELVIS COSTELLO ON HIS FOURTH HEADLINE APPEARANCE LAST YEAR
PHOTO: ANN COOK

"We played last year, and it was an overwhelming revelation, the perfect society almost. It could almost be seen as an embodiment of how society should be. It's like a little town, and I just wondered whether one day we might have a real town that lives like that permanently. I've always said everyone should do a trip once in their life, but if you don't do that you should go to Glastonbury once in your life. The experience will be good for your health."

Greg Roberts, Dreadzone, 1995

It's elementary

● THE RED MAN, 1992
PHOTOGRAPH: KEVIN BOLTON

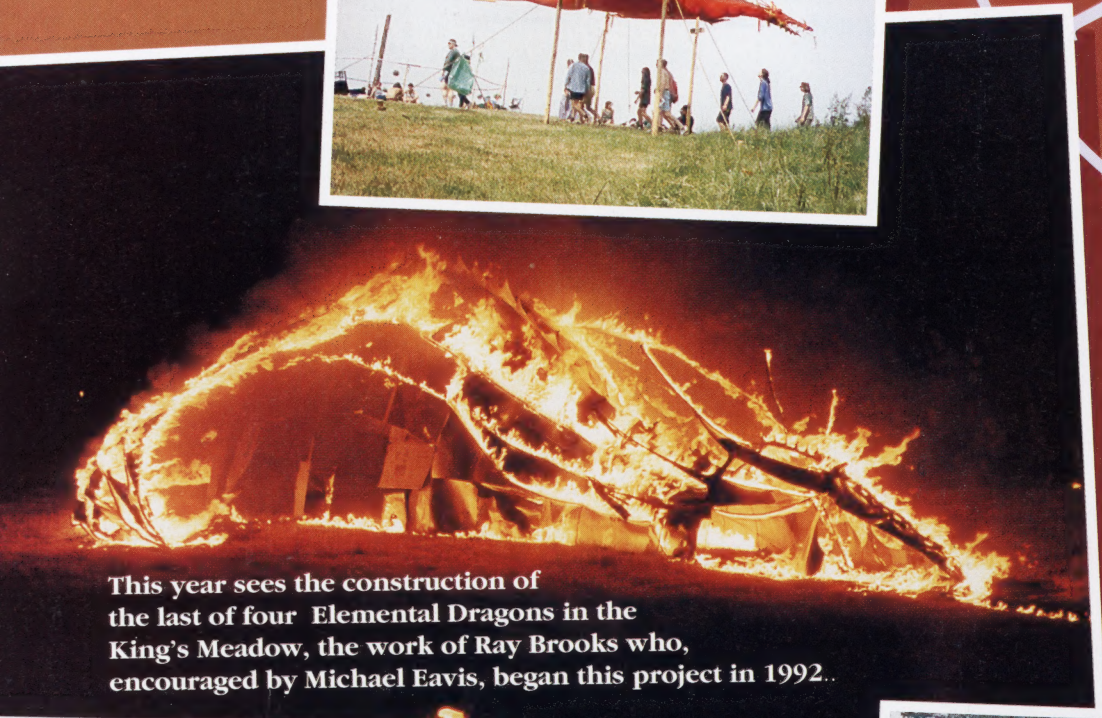
Arthur Brown started it. There he was, stalking the stage of the original Pyramid back in 1971, invoking a few pagan deities and informing the crowd that, in his opinion, fire would indeed burn. And it has continued to do so. Archaos, the health and safety officer's nightmare, were at it in 1989. The Wicca Man met his required end after thousands of people paraded through the fields chanting 'Burn him!' Theatre of Fire brought more spectacle and inflammable material with them. And those are just the shows: all across the site, the campfires burn to the beat of drums and the blast of didgeridoos. It's a tribal thing, an elemental connection. Of course, on a more prosaic level, fire keeps your toes warm. But these pictures are not about that. They're a celebration of intensity, danger, spectacle and freedom.; they show another of those facets which other festivals don't have but this one does – that earthy, paganistic quality which doesn't come from the modern world of rock'n roll. It's older, deeper, mythical.

● TOP RIGHT: FLARE FOR DANGER
● MIDDLE RIGHT: 'SCUSE ME WHILE I KISS THE SKY
PHOTOGRAPHS: KEVIN BOLTON

We've had earth, wind and water. Sometimes they all come at once to the slopes of Worthy Farm. Now it's time for . . .

FIRE.

● DOGS OF HEAVEN - WICCA MAN SHOW 1992
PHOTOGRAPH: R.A. YATES



This year sees the construction of the last of four Elemental Dragons in the King's Meadow, the work of Ray Brooks who, encouraged by Michael Eavis, began this project in 1992..

● **TOP: THE AIR DRAGON,** PHOTO RAY YATES

● **LEFT: FIRE DRAGON BURNS,** PHOTO RAY YATES

● **BOTTOM LEFT: RAY - THE MAN BEHIND THE DRAGONS,** PHOTO CLIVE FARNDON

● **BELOW: EARTH DRAGON,** PHOTO RAY YATES

HERE BE DRAGONS

1992: The Fire Dragon, 60 feet long, was first. She was built from welded steel and aluminium and inside her belly, 20 people could sit around a huge egg-shaped kiln. The egg became a roaring furnace for four days and nights. It contained a new dragon, the Earth Dragon, made from water and clay.

The fire faded, the egg cracked, crumbled, and left the ceramic fired dragon among the ashes.

That night the Fire Dragon burst forth in flame and, at the end of the festival, people took away pieces of clay Earth Dragon, scattering him around the globe.

1993: The Earth Dragon was in the form a huge clay kiln, 50 feet long. Hazel saplings and freshly-coppiced withes were woven over a hole dug out in his shape. He returned and lay in the sun for days. Then the fire was lit and he breathed smoke and flames into the Air. In a storm of sparks and flames, he collapsed. No trace now remains in the grass of the field.

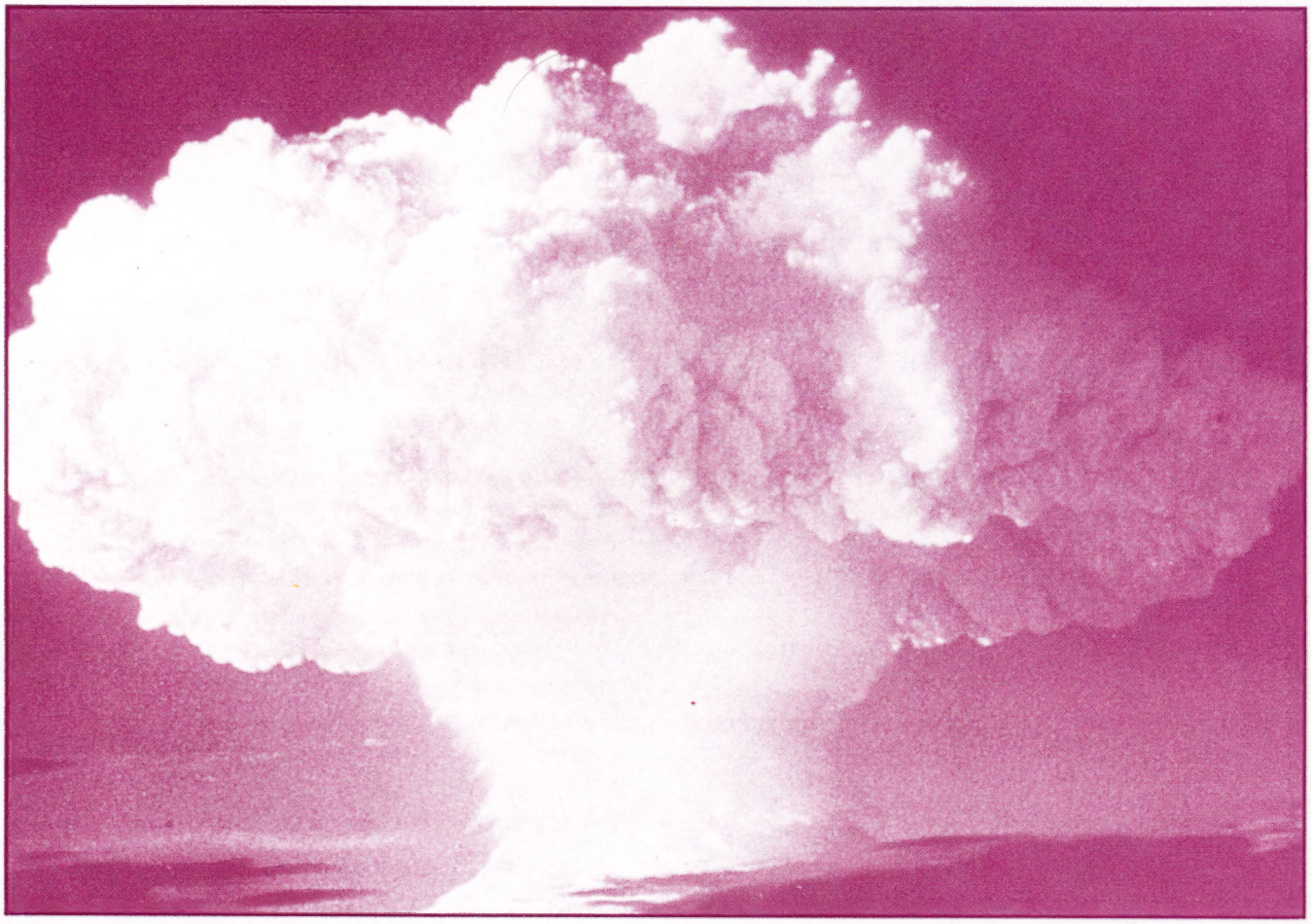
1994: The Air Dragon flew in from the West, made of fabric and delicate willow, 40 feet long and suspended in a framework of trees. As the people began to leave, so did he.

1995: The Water Dragon has chosen a place to settle, below the new pond. Built from rocks, crystal and cement, she will stay for a while. With the passage of time she will become a channel for water, a home for mosses, perhaps a refuge for creatures.

● **REBIRTH WITHIN SHELL OF BURNT-OUT FIRE DRAGON 1992** PHOTO CLIVE FARNDON

Sunday 16 July '95

50 YEARS UNDER THE BOMB



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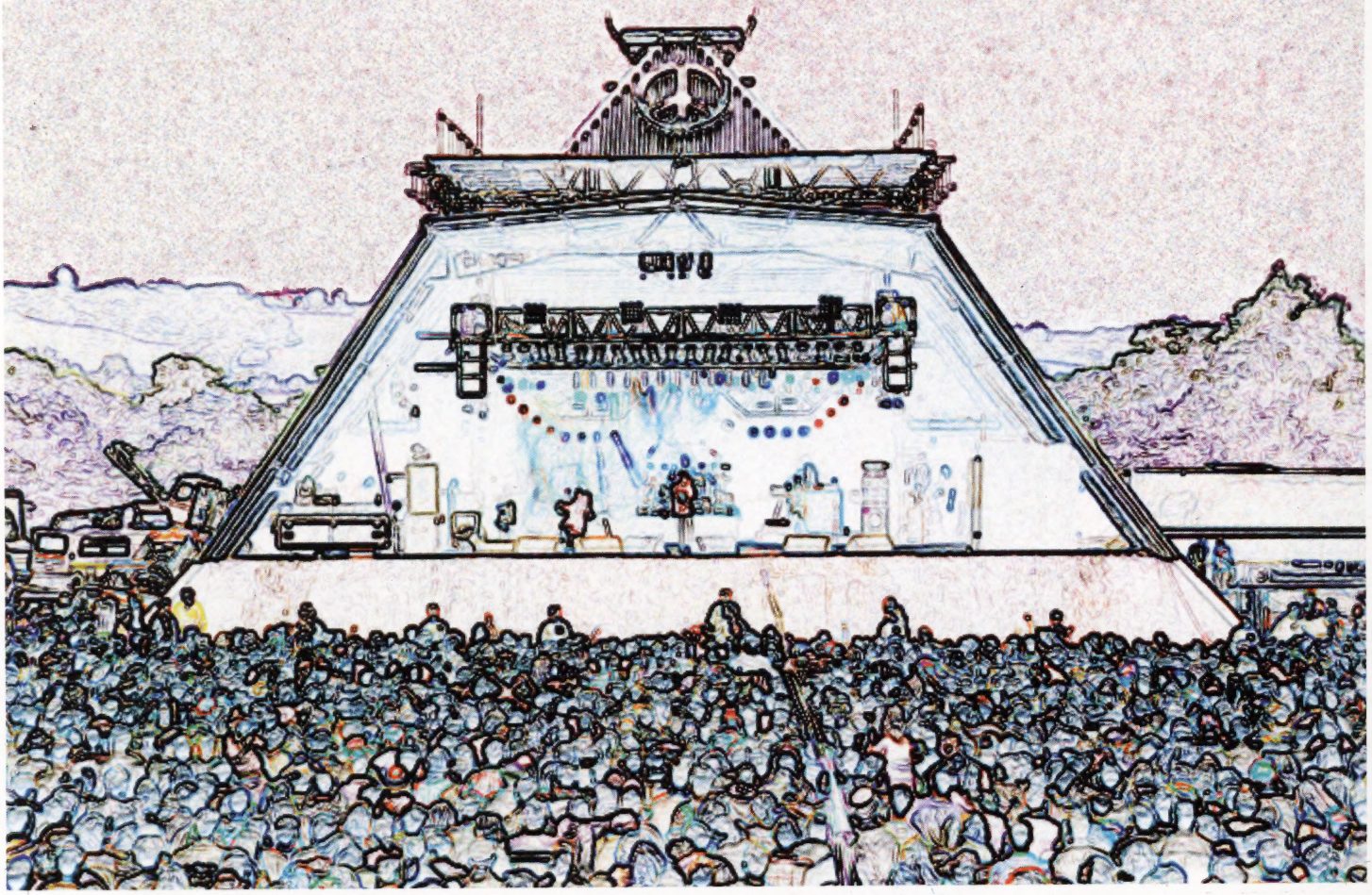
1. SOLSBURY HILL - *PETER GABRIEL* 2. LIVE FOREVER - *OASIS* 3. SIT DOWN - *JAMES*
4. FIRE ON BABYLON - *SINEAD O'CONNOR* 5. WILD WOOD - *PAUL WELLER*
6. SHELLSHOCK - *NEW ORDER* 7. HIGHER THAN THE SUN - *PRIMAL SCREAM*
8. PUT THE MESSAGE IN THE BOX - *WORLD PARTY* 9. ADVERT - *BLUR*
10. SUNSHINE ON LEITH - *THE PROCLAIMERS*
11. BECOMING MORE LIKE GOD (RADIO EDIT) - *JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART*
12. MY IRON LUNG - *RADIOHEAD* 13. A NEW ENGLAND - *BILLY BRAGG*
14. SINSEMILLA - *BLACK UHURU* 15. SHEEP - *THE HOUSEMARTINS*
16. GOING BACK TO GLASTERS - *MIKE SCOTT* (RECORDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS ALBUM)

Chrysalis

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